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**BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.**

# Camp Fidelity Girls

## A Comedy in Four Acts

By
EDITH LOWELL

*Dramatized, by permission, from the well-known story by*
ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1920

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# Camp Fidelity Girls

## CHARACTERS

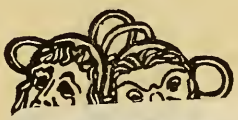
BARBARA WETHERELL
JUDY WETHERELL, *her sister*
JESSICA THAYER
MARY SHEPHERD, *otherwise Plain Mary*
EDNA HULL
} *students at Hatton Hall School.*

MRS. TUCKER, *a next-door neighbor.*
JOHNNIE TUCKER, *known as Johnnie-Son.*
BARNABY CAMPBELL, *a big child.*
JENNIE BRETT, *a country girl.*
COUSIN SALOME.
AUNT ELIZABETH.
UNCLE JEFF.

TIME IN PLAYING.—Two hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.
ACT II. *Scene I.* Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. *Scene II* The next morning.
ACT III. *Scene I.* Same. Two weeks later. *Scene II.* Midnight.
ACT IV. *Scene I.* Same. Six weeks later. *Scene II.* A half-hour later.



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AUG 16 1920

# Camp Fidelity Girls

## ACT I

SCENE.—*Room at Hatton Hall School. Bureau up* L., *couch* L. C., *chair down* L. *of* C., *study table and chairs* R. C., *rocking-chair down* R. BARBY *discovered down* L. *playing on violin.* JUDY *and* MARY *with heads tied up in Turkish towels are seated at table trying to study.* EDNA *enters.*

EDNA. What on earth! Have you girls all gone crazy, or are you just shampooed? Or is it the earache, or the toothache? Girls! Why don't you speak?

PLAIN MARY. When she has it bad we always tie up our ears.

JUDY (*to* MARY). There you go, beginning at the end of the story as usual. (*To* EDNA.) It's only Barby having another attack of mal-a-la-fiddle. Have a towel? (*Hands one to* EDNA. PLAIN MARY, *who has been writing on fly leaf of geometry, passes book to* JUDY. JUDY *reads.*) "Would that the Jews," Barby, I mean, "had another wailing-place." (*To* MARY.) Discipline, my poor dear, discipline.

EDNA. Judy, you ought to wear that headgear all the time, it's very becoming.

MARY. I notice you didn't address that remark to me.

JUDY. Of course she didn't; you are certainly not at your best, my dear, and you know it. Och! (*Puts hands over ears.*) Isn't it awful to have a musical sister? Oh, please, Barby, spare —— (*Enter* JESSICA *with letters.*) Mine!

MARY. Mine, quick, Jess Thayer!

BARBY (*laying violin aside*). Oh, do give me mine.

EDNA. Well, if the mail's in, I'll go for mine. Bye-bye, girls. [*Exit.*

JESS. Supposing they're all of them mine, my dears, I have a large list of correspond ——

MARY. Supposing this one's mine!

JUDY. And this dear little blue one's mine from mumpsie!

MARY (*aside, sighing*). Of course there is none for me. There's no one to write but father and it isn't time to settle the term bills. Well, I'll gather the crumbs from the other girls' feast and be thankful for my friends.

JUDY (*who has been reading letter*). Mine's from mumpsie and she says —— Oh, my goodness!

BARBY. I don't believe she ever said, "Oh, my goodness!" in her life! Mother never indulges in slang.

JUDY. She says we're marooned!

ALL. We're what?

JUDY. Maroon—well, quarantined then. It doesn't matter which, does it? Or else she says, they're quarantined. Somebody is.

BARBY. Somebody is crazy! Give me that letter, Judy Wetherell, and do you go and wet that towel you're done up in, in ice water; it's gone to your brain. (*Takes letter, reads and groans.*) Girls, for a fact she says it!

JESS. So does mine.

JUDY. Who's crazy, now? Get some more ice-water, somebody. Get a whole cake.

MARY (*calmly, drawling*). I believe to my soul it's catching, I certainly begin to feel light-headed. Will some kind soul explain what it all means.

BARBY. Listen! this is what mother says: "I'm afraid it will be bad news, dearies, but we're in for a siege of scarlet fever here. Already nine cases are reported and a great many have been exposed. Jessica's mother and I have agreed that our girls must not be allowed to walk into the dreadful trap."

JESS. And here's some from my letter, too. "You must all stay in a safe place until it is over. We've only got as far as that yet—that you must not come home. We shall try to hatch up some nice little vacation plan

for you all. There are still ten days left, and it doesn't take nice little plans as long to hatch as it does chickens."

(*All sink in chairs lost in thought.*)

MARY (*aside*). Father doesn't write and tell me not to come home. That's how valuable I am to father.

JUDY. Well?

BARBY. Well! Perhaps you think it is—I don't.

JESS. Not go home! Girls, it's no use, I'm going to cry. (*Goes to bureau; ransacks drawers.*) I'm going to do it just as soon as I find a c-clean p-pocket handkerchief.

(JUDY *takes towel off her head and hands it to* JESS.)

JUDY. Here, take this. It's nice and roomy, but please don't cry on the border. Nobody knows what effect salt has on red stripes.

BARBY. Don't anybody dare to laugh. This is a deep-dyed tragedy.

JESS. I've found one! Now I want a rocking-chair. If you've got to cry, you might as well take a little comfort doing it.

(BARBY *pushes easy chair towards her.* MARY *brings footstool.* JUDY *gives her a fan.*)

JUDY. One! two! three! ready! (JESS *laughs; all join tremulously.*) All who feel better say, "I."

JESS. I.

BARBY. I.

(PLAIN MARY *opens her lips to say "I" but comes nearer crying. Jumps to her feet laughing unsteadily; wildly.*)

MARY. I'm going home and get it—and—and—die, nobody cares. There!

(*The girls flock around her, hugging her, etc.*)

JUDY. Do you call that not caring?

JESS. And that!

BARBY. And that!

MARY. That's enough! Oh, Judy, you're strangling me!

JUDY. Then be ashamed of yourself!

MARY. I am—awfully. Yes, oh, yes! I'll take it all back if you'll spare my life! You're all of you regular dears. I didn't mean you, I was thinking of ——

(*Catches herself up loyally.*)

JESS (*hurriedly*). Did Edna go? I didn't notice, I was so excited over the mail. Don't you love to get letters? (*Aside.*) Poor Plain Mary! What a father! I must talk and make her forget. I know a dandy way to make some fudge—you take ——

THE OTHERS. Fudge!

JUDY. You awful girl! Fudge in the midst of calamity. It's worse than Barby fiddling while Rome burned. Of course I don't mean to insinuate that your fudge would resemble Rome in any particular.

BARBY (*dreamily*). I was going to teach Hop o' Thumb to play the violin this summer. Oh, Judy, that reminds me—what if Hop o' Thumb and little Katherine have the scarlet fever!

JUDY (*shuddering*). Don't! Still, if it was a choice between that and learning to play the fid ——

(BARBY *throws a pillow at* JUDY. *Enter* EDNA *waving two letters.*)

EDNA. Oh, girls! I've run all the way from the office to bring these letters. They're special delivery! The man was just going to send them up, but I told him I was coming right back and would take them. Oh, do open them quick!

JESS. How can we if you don't say who they're for?

EDNA. This one is for you, and this for Plain Mary. Oh, I hope it isn't bad news!

MARY. It's from Aunt Elizabeth, and there's a note in it from father. (*Reads.*) "Don't come home. There is a great deal of scarlet fever in town. Sent wire yesterday. I hope it didn't frighten you."—Why, what do you suppose became of the telegram? I ought to have heard before any of you!—"Don't worry. We will see

what can be done." (*Aside.*) He did care! He did care! "Aunt Elizabeth is writing particulars. Father."

EDNA. Oh, girls, scarlet fever!

BARBY. Yes, isn't it dreadful! It's all over Barrie. The whole town is quarantined, and we can't any of us go home. Who's yours from, Jess?

JESS. It's from mother. Oh, I hope nobody's sick!

JUDY. Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you read it and find out?

(JESS *reads while girls look over her shoulder.*)

JESS. "Dear Jessica, we have hit upon a delightful plan. Uncle Jeff has just returned from looking up a camping place for you. What do you say to taking up an 'abandoned farm' and 'running it' this summer? There's one all ready for you in a dear little pocket among the hills. It has the quaintest name—you would never guess! Well, then—'Fidelity!'"

BARBY. Did you ever hear such a funny name for a place?

EDNA. Such a lovely name! Oh, you lucky girls! I wish I was quarantined, or abandoned, or turned out to pasture!

JUDY. I'd go, if there wasn't anything there but the name.

MARY. I don't see how anybody could *abandon* anything in a place called Fidelity! Oh, do you suppose it's haunted? Yes. I'm ready to go as soon as I can get my trunk packed.

BARBY. I hope it has a history so that I can write some reminiscences or maybe find a will in a secret panel!

JESS (*reads*). "Uncle Jeff has made arrangements to have the house opened and set to rights a little. He says the people next door will set up some beds and supply the bedding for them, and make things generally look a little inhabitable and spend-the-summerable. You can carry all your curtains and cushions and furbelows in your trunks. It will be camping out, you see, so you musn't expect too much. You will live out-of-doors mostly, in that wonderful mountain air."

JUDY. And Fidelity—in Fidelity! That's better than

any of your mountain air. I don't ask for anything else to live out-of-doors in.

JESS. Girls, this is great! It will be no end of a lark to house-keep up there all by ourselves! Think of the messes we'll cook, and the ——

JUDY. Aches we'll have.

BARBY. I shall take my violin, but you needn't any of you worry. I shall practice out-of-doors.

JUDY. Poor, dear Fidelity!

JESS (*sings*). Fidel-i-tee, Fi-del-i-tee ——

BARBY (*playing and singing*). I yearn for thee, I yearn for thee!

JUDY. Girls, we must have a cat. She must be there purring. A cat that doesn't purr when she's wound up might as well be a zebra. And I'm going to name her. I shall call her Fidelia—no matter if "she" has been Thomas Jefferson or John Quincy Adams hitherto. Fidelia goes with Fidelity, and Fidelia it shall be.

JESS (*who has been reading her letter*). There's going to be a dragon.

JUDY. Mercy! Not a live one!

JESS. Well, I should hope it would be alive, if there's got to be one. Perhaps you'd like to be chaperoned by a dead dragon, Judy Wetherell!

JUDY. Oh! Chaperoned! Have we got to be? Read it again, Jess. You've made a mistake. She says, "You really ought to be," or "really ought to have," or something like that.

JESS. She says, "Of course you *must* have some older person with you. I have asked your Cousin Salome—you remember Cousin Salome, Jessica?—to go and keep you in order. She writes she will be glad of the chance. Her school will close very soon, and I shall have her meet you somewhere on the way."

JUDY. Is she old? Forty?

JESS. Oh, I suppose so. She's a school-ma'am and school-ma'ams are always forty, aren't they?

EDNA. Always.

MARY. Is she an old maid?

JESS. Oh, I suppose so. Aren't school-ma'ams always?

EDNA. Always.

JUDY. Seems to me if I had a cousin—Salome, or Jerome, or anybody else—I'd know things, without "I suppose-ing" 'em all.

JESS. I don't know; I have to suppose 'em. I never saw Cousin Salome but once, and then I was asleep—I mean she was asleep—well, somebody was, anyway, I was a baby!

EDNA. Then it was you, of course.

JESS. Well, then I don't "suppose" you'd expect me to know all about my Cousin Salome—or Jerome or Cousin Anybody Else—would you?

JUDY. No; oh, no. You're exonerated, my dear. . . . I shall raise cabbages.

BARBY. "'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.'"

Judy Wetherell, what are you talking about?

JUDY. Cabbages. I shall raise 'em. Then we can have salads three times a day. I don't know what's the use of being on a farm if you don't raise things.

BARBY. You'll raise Cain, that's what you'll raise, Judy Wetherell —— (JUDY *goes for her with a pillow.*) I meant, I m-meant sugar-cane. Plain Mary, what did your aunt say in her letter? You never told us.

MARY. You didn't give me a chance. Besides she didn't say much. She worries about my rubbers and headaches and wants to know if I always bathe them in camphor and put them on when it is damp.

BARBY. Read it, do, dear. I'm afraid you're getting mixed.

MARY (*reads*). "Mind you don't sleep without plenty over you. I'll send you some blankets and sheets, for it's liable to be cold nights; and don't forget to wear your rubbers."

JUDY. Gracious!—to bed?

MARY. "And if you have a sore throat, take some

moss-tea. I'll put in the moss. For burns, use the salve I send. For cold in your head, smell camphor at once—I'll put that in. Nothing is so good for a sprain as Lacy's Sure Liniment—rub it on. If you get your feet wet, soak them in hot water immediately."

JUDY (*sotto voce*). Gracious! I should think that would make them wetter!

MARY (*folds letter; her face wistful*). Aunt Elizabeth's a good woman, and father did care!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Living-room in farmhouse at Camp Fidelity. Room in disorder. Trunk in middle of floor. Girls arranging draperies, cushions, etc.* JUDY *on step-ladder by window,* MARY *hanging picture,* BARBY *unpacking trunk.* JOHNNIE-SON *looking on.*

BARBY. I'm so glad the trunks have come. If we don't get some sofa-pillows and curtains and pictures scattered round these bare rooms. Cousin Salome will have a fit of homesickness on the threshold. I don't feel homesick a bit; do any of the rest of you?

JESS. Not I.

MARY. Nor I.

JOHNNIE-SON. Nor me—I don't feel homesick a single speck of a mite. I like it to this house. I wish 'twas p'lite for folks to stay to houses athout bein' invited, but my mother says, "Oh, no, it isn't." Once I was invited to dinner with some folks.

JUDY. And you shall be again, this minute. Girls, where are your manners, for pity's sake? (*Gets down from ladder.*) Come here and help me urge Johnnie-Son to stay to dinner with us. You will stay, won't you, Johnnie-Son? Don't say no.

J. S. Oh, no'm—I mean yes'm, I won't. You're puffickly welcome to me. Oh! I forgot, I got to get Barnaby. [*Exit.*

JUDY. Well, did you ever! I wonder who Barnaby is?

BARBY. I for one am glad Cousin Salome missed the train yesterday. Of course she'll be here some time today. It's sort of fun settling things ourselves.

MARY. The only thing that troubles me is burglars. I was relying on Cousin Salome to keep them off.

JUDY. I have a better plan! We'll boil the cabbages.

No self-respecting burglar would burgle where cabbages were boiling!

BARBY. But what are we going to do if she doesn't come right away?

JESS. Then we must try to be reconciled. She's *my* cousin. If I can bear it, I guess the rest of you can.

BARBY. But they may not let us stay here without her.

JESS. Barby Wetherell, you don't mean to make us go away—from Fidelity?

BARBY. That is what I mean, my dear. We are so youthful, you know.

JESS. I thought perhaps they'd think it wasn't proper for us to stay here alone.

MARY. But where could we go, for pity's sake?

JESS. Oh, I don't know—back to school, maybe. I think it would break my heart to do it.

MARY. I know it would break mine.

JESS (*sings*). Fi-del-i-tee, Fi-del-i-tee, I yearn for thee!

MARY. Do you think I'm going to give it all up now? Cousin Salome's got to come! I've got to find out who lives in that little chrome-yellow house over there, and in that big white one, and in all the white ones. I've got to go to church in that lovely little crooked church, and buy some peppermints in that parlor-post-office. I know they keep peppermints. Johnnie-Son says so. And I want to find out who Barnaby is, and get intimate with the next-door family. I'm perfectly in love with this darling old place. Do you think I'm going to give it up just because of Cousin Salome's ——

JUDY. In-Fidelity?

BARBY. The youngest of us is sixteen and the oldest is going on eighteen. I guess we can set up housekeeping on an abandoned farm without a dragon.

JUDY. I guess so. It doesn't take much age to plant cabbages. Sixteen or sixty, it doesn't matter.

MARY (*laughing*). And besides, we can't help ourselves, we've got to set up alone. I say we do ourselves proud and make Cousin Salome say, "Bless thee, my children!" when she comes.

*Enter* JENNIE BRETT.

JENNIE. Mis' Tucker asked me to bring you a box of berries and some lettuce and a loaf of cake. I left 'em on the table in the kitchen. And here's a letter Mr. Tucker got at the office for one of you. Where's Johnnie-Son? Mis' Tucker said he was over here or she'd sent him.

BARBY. He said he was going after Barnaby. You're Jennie Brett, aren't you? Mrs. Tucker said your mother expected you home this morning and we saw you when you came.

JENNIE. Yes'm. I been up to the city visitin' my grandmother.

BARBY. Won't you sit down? The letter is for you, Jess. Thank you so much for bringing the things, Jennie, and won't you tell us who Barnaby is?

JENNIE. His name is Campbell, Barnaby Campbell. He's near fifteen years old but mother says he's only a big baby and we mustn't expect him to be like other folks. He has fits. He had the scarlet fever when he was six and he's been this way ever since. There's nothing he likes better than follerin' Johnnie-Son round. I guess I got to go now. (*Rises.*)

JUDY. Don't go yet, Jennie, we've hardly got acquainted. Did you have a good time up to the city?

JENNIE. Yes'm, I had a lovely time.

JUDY. What did you do?

JENNIE. Well, I mostly learned to speak pieces. Grandmother took lessons once.

JUDY. My, that was nice. What pieces did you learn? Couldn't you say one for us?

JENNIE. I wouldn't das't to.

BARBY. Oh, please do, Jennie. You needn't be afraid of us.

JENNIE (*bashfully*). I'm 'fraid you'll laugh at me. Folks gen'ally does.

JUDY. Indeed we won't. Come now. You can stand right out here, and we'll all listen.

(JENNIE, *coming out into the middle of stage, recites*

*"Seven Times One" with extravagant gestures; as she finishes with a stiff bow the girls applaud heartily.*)

BARBY. Thank you, Jennie; I never heard anything just like that before.

JENNIE. I got to go, now. I've got to go to the store for Ma. She'll be waiting on me. Anything I can get for you, Miss ——

BARBY. Barbara. No, thank you, Jennie. Yes, come to think of it, you may bring me a yeast cake. I think I'll try some raised bread to-night.

(BARBY *gives* JENNIE *some pennies and goes to the door with her.*)

JESS (*reading letter*). Oh, girls, listen to this. It's from mother. "I had word from your Cousin Salome, dear, and she is afraid she won't be able to go to Fidelity to look after you girls after all! It seems there is to be a new department in her city school this summer—a vacation school, and they want Salome to take charge of it. Well, perhaps we're not in a peck of trouble! Mrs. Wetherell and I hold mothers' congresses over the back fence two or three times a day, and Mary's aunt attended the last one."

MARY. Aunt Elizabeth!

JESS. "She agrees with us that something must be done. None of us thinks it is just the thing for you four girls to be stranded off there in a strange country all alone."

BARBY. What did I tell you? I was afraid they wouldn't think it was proper.

JESS. Do let me go on. "So far we can think only of Hatton School, for we cannot let you come home as things are now." (*All groan.*) "I know, darling, I know! It wouldn't be the pleasantest place in the world in vacation, but what can we do? If you knew how I longed to get you into my m-m-m-m ——"

(JESS *breaks down and cries.*)

MARY (*getting up and moving away from window*).

I am not going to sit here and look at mountains and woods and valleys and think about Hatton School.

JUDY. You'd better shut all the windows. I can hear the brook. Oh, girls, see here, we can't go away now. All in favor say "We can't." It is a vote.

(*Girls all express dejection.* JOHNNIE-SON *enters followed by* BARNABY.)

JOHNNIE-SON. What's the matter with all o' you? You havin' a funeral? I went to one once, an' the folks sat round an' looked just the way you do. There was a minister, though, to that one, an' then some folks stood up and sang, "Hark the tune's a doleful sound."

JUDY (*laughing*). Come in here and help me put up the curtains, Johnnie-Son, the funeral's over. I'm ashamed of myself and if those other three folks aren't ashamed of themselves, they ought to be. Who's this, your friend Barnaby? Won't you sit down and tell me the rest of your name and how old you are, and—and things?

BARNY. I've forgot my tail-name. What's my tail-name, Johnny?

J. S. Cam'el, Barnaby.

JUDY. But it ought not to be Campbell. It ought to be Rudge.

BARNY. I've forgot how old I be. How old be I, Johnnie?

J. S. I'm not certain sure. I think six. Yes, Barny, six, 'cause I heard my mother say you an' me was just of an age, an' I'm six.

BARNY. Yes, me an' him's six. How old be you?

JUDY. I?

BARNY. She's forgot, too! Tell her how old she is, Johnnie.

JUDY. Oh, how old I am? I'm sixteen.

BARNY. She's six, too. We're all of us six.

(*They take hold of hands and dance round.*)

BARBY (*jumping up*). Girls, I have an idea! I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll advertise for a dragon.

MARY. Advertise?

JUDY. Barby Wetherell, are you crazy?

BARBY. That's right, make fun of me if it amuses you. Give me a big piece of paper, somebody, and a pencil. I am inspired. (MARY *gets a large piece of wrapping paper;* JESS *gets pencil.* BARBY *spreads paper on the floor; writes.*) "Wanted: a Dragon; one without horns preferred." (JOHNNIE *gets down beside her and admires.*) There must be some explanation, of course. How's this? (*Writes.*) "Four unprotected girls of respectable lineage desire the company of an elderly female of refinement who can make biscuit with the best of references." There's something wrong about the last of it, but it will do. Oh, yes! There ought to be an "Inquire within."

JUDY. I'm glad you put that in about the biscuits. The matter with your biscuits, Barby, was you forgot to put in the "best of references." You couldn't expect 'em to rise. Where shall you put your ad., Barby?

BARBY. Oh—er—on a tree, maybe. Tack it on.

J. S. We had somethin' tacked onto a tree once. There was printin' on it, too—"Pigs for Sale."

BARBY. Did they "sale," Johnnie-Son?

J. S. A man read what was wrotened on the tree an' came an' buyed the pigs.

(JOHNNIE *watches his chance, picks up paper and goes out.*)

BARBY. What did I tell you? I said I was inspired. A man—a woman, I mean—will read what I have writ—"wrotened" here, and our troubles will be over.

MARY. There ought to be a bench out on the back porch with a looking-glass hung over it and a beautiful shiny basin on it, and a soap-dish and a towel. I'm going straight out and see about it this minute.

(MARY *goes out.* BARNY *picks up a cake of soap from table.*)

JUDY (*calling after her*). You don't need any towels. You can sit on a stump and look at the mountains, and drain. Oh, Barny, don't eat that soap.

BARNY. I like it; it's hunky.

JUDY. But it may kill you—don't!

BARNY. You can't kill me. Nothin' ever did but once, an' that was fly-paper.

JUDY. Come with me, Barny, and I'll get you one of Barby's nice biscuits.

(*Takes soap from him. Exit, followed by* BARNABY.)

BARNY. I'd ruther enough sight have that soap. It smells good.

BARBY. I'm dying to rummage round in the garret, Jess. Come on, let's; we may not get another chance.

[*Exit both.*

*Enter* COUSIN SALOME.

SALOME. So this is Camp Fidelity. Well, I'm sure I shall like this much better than teaching school. I'll just apply for the job of dragon. I wonder who put that advertisement out on the tree. What fun they are having. Where can they all be? (*Sits. Enter* BARBARA; *stops short on seeing visitor.* SALOME *rises.*) I beg your pardon for intruding, but the door was open and the room looked so cool and inviting that I walked in. I read your notice down there on the maple by the gate and thought I would apply. For the position of "Dragon," you know. I've been shut up under cover for a good while, and I am certain from my feelings I must be "elderly," and I haven't any home and I can make biscuits with the best of references. Do you think I will do?

BARBY. You say there is a notice down there on the big maple by the gate? Somebody must have —— Johnnie-Son. It was just some of our nonsense. We never thought of its being really put up anywhere! That little rogue, Johnnie-Son, must have done it while we were talking. But—but we do want somebody ——

SALOME. A Dragon? Then why not take me? I'll come on trial, subject to return after ten days, if unsatisfactory, and money refunded. I really believe I would make a good Dragon. I confess I never was one, but the profession appeals to me. And I can make lovely biscuits!

BARBY. Then you're engaged. I've nearly killed the girls with mine, although we've only been here two days. I'm sure I don't know why they weren't good; I put everything into 'em. (*Goes to door.*) Girls, come here, please. (*Girls enter.*) Judy, Plain Mary, Jess, this is —I don't know who this is.

SALOME. Call me Miss Sally. (*To the others.*) I was passing along the street and seeing your notice on the tree and being out of a situation hastened to apply. And your friend here has been good enough to engage me on trial. You are Judy, are you not?

JUDY. Yes, Miss Sally—Judy Wetherell, and Barbara is my dignified older sister. She is a musical genius, but you'll find that out soon enough. And this is Jessica, Jessica Thayer, otherwise known as Jess. And this is Plain Mary ——

SALOME. I'm sure we shall be great friends, my dears. But will you please tell me how you came to be called Plain Mary? The name is so evidenly a misfit.

JUDY. Why, you see, Miss Sally, when a girl insists that her name is Mary, Plain Mary, because her great-grandmother's was, and simply refuses to take advice and spell it Marie or twist it into something nice and interesting, what are you going to do?

SALOME. I see—it would be impossible for it to be anything but Plain Mary, under the circumstances, fit or no fit. Now, have you had your supper? No, I know you haven't; you all look hungry. If you'll tell me where the flour-barrel is, I'll go and make some biscuits. Time enough to send for my baggage after supper.

JESS. Oh, Miss Sally, I'm so glad you came. We were so afraid our mothers wouldn't let us stay. But now I'm sure they will. We'll write to-night.

SALOME. And I will write also and send references, so they will know I'm not an impostor.

JESS. An impostor, the idea! Oh, Miss Sally, I'm so glad Cousin Salome couldn't come. (*Takes her arm.*) You come with me. I'll show you where everything is.

[*Exit both.*

MARY. Isn't she a dear? Blessed Johnnie-Son! He builded better than he knew. If we can stay right here

like this, I, for one, am reconciled to Cousin Salome's desertion.

JUDY. I, for another.

BARBY. Well, we'll all write home to-night and introduce Miss Sally, and beg to stay, and I guess they'll let us.

*Enter* MRS. TUCKER.

MRS. T. Here's your yeast cake. Jennie got as far as my house and gave out. She was so sick her mother had to come and help her home. I hope she ain't caught nothin' up to the city. She says she ain't been feelin' real well for quite a spell. My, but you begin to look homey here. Fidelity's a sightly place, ain't it? I tell Phineas if we haven't got anything else, we've got the everlastin' hills round us. Folks that come to it once mostly comes again. All except Emmeline. She ain't come back yit. That's her picture.

BARBY. She looks old, but her dress is buttoned behind.

MRS. T. Emmeline wa'n't ever young. Time and often I've heard my mother say it. I wa'n't born when that picture was taken.

BARBY. Here's something I found in the attic. The Lord's prayer worked in worsted.

(*All handle it and examine it.*)

JESS. How funny!

MRS. T. Land alive! ain't you ever seen a sampler before? That's a sampler.

JUDY. Think of leaving pictures of your own folks and Lord's prayers worked with their own fingers, and rocking-chairs they'd rocked their babies—*you,* maybe—to sleep in. Think of leaving those things for strangers to look at and laugh at!

MARY. Not laugh at, Judy.

JUDY. Well, then, smile at; they're so quaint and funny.

MRS. T. There wasn't any family to keep 'em after the old folks died. Emmeline's the only one left—if she is left—and Emmeline ain't been in the family this clear

back. I wa'n't more'n half as old as Johnnie-Son when she dropped out. The house stood here empty, nobody claimin' it or payin' the taxes, till by and by the town up and sold it to pay 'em. Then somebody took it for a debt, and so it kept passin' into different hands.

(JESS *has entered unnoticed.*)

JESS. Till it got into Uncle Jeff's.

JUDY. And then into ours. Well, Barby'll be only too thankful there are heirlooms that go with it; she'll have the rocking-chair and the pictures and the "sample" of the Lord's Prayer worked up into her Cody reminiscences. Where's Miss Sally, Jess?

JESS. She's making biscuits and we're to set the table.

BARBY. Congratulate us, Mrs. Tucker, Miss Sally is our new chaperon. We've engaged her temporarily, but we all hope she'll stay as long as we do. I wrote an advertisement for a joke, and Johnnie-Son tacked it up out front. Miss Sally saw it and applied. Come on, Jess, let's go see what we can do to help her.

MRS. T. Well, I'm sure I'm real glad. I felt kind a worried about you girls, all alone so, and not havin' anybody to go to if you got sick or scared or anything. I ought to be gettin' home, but I hate to move. I'm all "tuckered out."

JUDY. Tuckered out?

MRS. T. That's Phineas's best joke. I tell him I have wore it to a skeleton. I set up all night with Angelia Devine. You see 'twas my turn to set up with Angelia last night. Folks take turns. Last night was the hundred and twenty-first night she's had watchers.

JUDY. Had what, Mrs. Tucker?

MRS. T. Watchers—folks to set up all night with her.

JUDY. The hundred and twenty-first night!

MRS. T. Yes—a-runnin'. We ain't skipped a night. It's been considerable of a chore, but Fidelity folks don't shirk their duty. We're all dretful fond of Angelia.

MARY. Who is she? Tell us about her, Mrs. Tucker? I'd like to know about Angelia.

MRS. T. Well, there ain't much to tell. Angelia's Angelia Devine, that lives a piece up the road, in that little house on the left ——

MARY (*interested*). Yes, I know—the chrome-yellow one.

MRS. T. An' she's be'n sick this way back, nobody knows what with. I tell Phineas the doctor don't know a mite better than we do. It's something mysterious. Some call it a case o' dispensation, but I don't. I call it a case o' original sickness. Angelia always was original. She had the whoopin' cough different from other folks—whooped different.

JUDY. But can't the doctor help her any? Doesn't he give her any medicine?

MRS. T. Medicine! I gave Angelia Devine fifteen doses with my own hands last night. There's always fifteen doses. And she has to be woke up every three-quarters of an hour to take 'em.

JUDY. Fifteen—but I don't see how there could possibly be.

MRS. T. I don't, but there be. The watchers have to be right up and comin' to get 'em all in regular. The doctor is dreadful particular. And it frets Miss Angelia to be woke up so often. There's a good many kinds, too. There's one kind that's a tonic, and another kind that's to be took before the tonic, an' another that's to be took after. An' there's a sleepin' powder. The sleepin' powder makes poor Angelia kind o' mad, an' I don't wonder. It would make me mad to be woke up to take a sleepin' powder.

JUDY. Poor Angelia! I should say!

MARY. I would try to remember them all, and I can keep awake beautifully.

JUDY. You mean aslee ——

MARY. You look so tired, Mrs. Tucker, and everybody must be so tired. Please let me try.

JUDY. Begin at the beginning, do, my dear. Let you try what? Of course I know, but you can't expect Mrs. Tucker to.

MARY. Try to be a watcher. I think I could be, truly. I'm seventeen.

MRS. T. You dear child, you. It rests me just to set here and hear you.

MARY. But I am in earnest. I would be so glad to help a little bit like that, Mrs. Tucker! The rest of you have done it a hundred and twenty-one nights.

JUDY. I'd like to, too. I'd go with her.

MRS. T. You dear children! Of course you could do it. An' Angelia sets great store by young folks; Angelia'd like it. I don't know. Still it seems a pity—to-night's Emily Sue's night—Em'ly Sue Brett's. I was thinkin' of goin' again to-night. Emily Sue took my night when Johnnie-Son had the earache. An' poor Em'ly Sue's all worried and flustered over Jennie. She warn't lookin' right when she come home and now she's took down sick. She's flushed up considerable and feverish, an' she says it hurts her to swallow. I don't know how I could stand it another night runnin'.

JUDY (*decisively*). What time shall we go?

MRS. T. You no need to go before eight. I'll go with you and introduce you to Angelia an' get you started.

MARY. I'll run over and tell Mrs. Brett and that will relieve her mind and save you the trouble of going, Mrs. Tucker.

JESS (*at the kitchen door*). Supper's ready, girls. Won't you stay, Mrs. Tucker, and meet Miss Sally?

CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Living-room Camp Fidelity. Time, the next morning.*

BARBY (*meeting* JUDY *and* MARY *at door*). You poor dear thing! How ever did you keep awake? I'm sure I never could have done it. We've got the bed all ready and the coffee-pot's boiling and you're going to get right straight into it as soon as you have something to eat.

JUDY. Mercy! what do you want to scald us for?

BARBY. It's gone to your head sitting up all night!

Oh, I see—right straight into bed I meant. But the coffee-pot's boiling just the same, and Miss Sally has some flap-jacks all ready to flap.

MARY (*sits and yawns and stretches*). Tell her to flap 'em now. (*Dreamily.*) I mean to be one some day.

BARBY. Be what, for goodness sake!

JUDY. Oh, I suppose she means she's going to be a professional nurse, she always begins in the middle. Isn't it a perfectly beautiful morning and isn't it good to be alive, even if we have been awake all night?

MARY. We! How we did keep awake all night! Never shut our eyes!

JUDY. Well, perhaps I did shut 'em once. Just a little cat nap, but you woke me up keeping still.

MARY. Those old milk pans! Who would have dreamed she had so many! You see I was getting awfully sleepy and ——

*Enter* COUSIN SALOME *with cakes.*

SALOME. Hot griddle-cakes, girls. I heard you coming in. Barby, pull up the table. Now eat these cakes and hop into bed.

JUDY. But I must tell you about Mary.

*Enter* JESS.

JESS. What's this about Mary? Aren't you most dead, girls? I went out to meet you, but you must have come up through the woods.

JUDY. Yes, Jess, it was so lovely, we did. Well, you see there were fifteen doses. We had gotten as far as number six when I got hungry or sleepy, I don't know which, and I asked Mary for one of Miss Angelia's doses. She said she'd give me a dose of next-door soup that Mrs. Tucker left for us.

MARY. Yes, and I found some cookies and sponge cake and Judy began on those and forgot the soup. In a few minutes we smelled a horrible smell and Judy rushed out and found the next-door soup burned to a cinder!

JUDY. Whew! What a cinder was there—my countrymen!

MARY. We tried to find something to drown it out with. We tried sugar and molasses and tea in turn but they all coöperated and made a worse smell. Finally we wrapped Miss Angelia up to her eyes and opened the windows.

JUDY. And what do you think I did? I was so excited that I couldn't think so I opened the closet door and there was a band-box. I took a bonnet and shawl that was hanging there and wrapped her up in those.

MARY. Oh, girls, you should have seen her!—Night-cap and bonnet and the bonnet on wrong side to at that.

SALOME. Poor Miss Angelia! I hope she didn't take cold.

BARBY. You're great nurses, you are!

JUDY. When I came back after closing the windows, Miss Angelia made me give her the hand-glass and it wasn't till then that it struck me how funny she looked. I just laughed and laughed and so did she. Well, when we had calmed down again we began to be desperately sleepy.

MARY. And Judy gave up and went to sleep.

JUDY. Yes! But I was quiet about it anyway.

MARY. Well, I suppose I may as well tell about it or Judy will.

JUDY. Yes. Judy will. You see, Mary went out and splashed her face in the brook a few times but that didn't do any good, so she decided to go into the back kitchen, take off her shoes and run up and down.

JESS. So considerate of her to take off her shoes!

JUDY. Yes, it proved so. She is so big and fat that she jarred every one of Miss Angelia's milk pans off the shelf and they made a terrible crash. I thought it was burglars and stuck my head cautiously through the door and whispered, "Is it you, or burglars, and what are you doing out there?" And what do you think she said—she said she was trying to keep still and explained how it happened. (*Laughs.*)

BARBY. I should have thought you would have almost killed Miss Angelia.

JUDY. Well, we didn't. She's better. She really is. She's struck and she won't take any more medicine. She

says laughing's better than medicine and we've cured her. Even Mrs. Tucker says she looks better than she's looked for a hundred and twenty-one days.

BARBY. You needn't think you've monopolized all the excitement. I have played to an audience!

JESS. Truly! How many in it and are they all alive?

BARBY. Two,—three, really, one was so big. There were three on an average. They enjoyed it, too. The big one said it was "hunky."

JESS. Barnaby.

JUDY. Ought-to-be-Rudge.

SALOME. Yes, and Johnnie-Son, I guess.

BARBY. Yes, and Johnnie-Son. Johnnie-Son said if that was what the angels played on he wouldn't mind going to Heaven so much. He had thought it wouldn't be any fun. And, girls, something happened! It almost made me cry. I let Barnaby take my violin ——

JESS. Well, go on, Barby.

BARBY. And he played on it. I wish you could have seen his face. It was almost grown up then.

JUDY. Not play, Barby?

BARBY. Yes, but it wasn't my way, or anybody else's way. It was just Barnaby's. It was wild and sweet and creepy. Still you liked it. It didn't make a discord. And Barnaby,—Barnaby liked it.

SALOME. Poor Barnaby!

JESS. Poor Mary, you'd better say!

SALOME. What are we thinking of? Wake up, Mary, we're going to put you to bed.

CURTAIN

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Same as* ACT II. *Time, one week later.*

(BARBARA *is standing at the back of the room looking at a picture of* EMMELINE *that hangs on the wall.*)

BARBY. There's an Emmeline story in this house and I mean to find it. I want to know all about you, you little solemn thing. I want to know if you ever had a good time in your life; if you ever laughed, or had a doll, or were happy. Open your mouth and tell me, why don't you? If you don't, I'll find out for myself. You can't keep it from me.

*Enter* MISS SALLY.

SALOME. Who are you talking to in here all alone?

(*Looks over* BARBY'S *shoulder at the picture.*)

BARBY. Emmeline.

SALOME. Is that Emmeline? What a big-eyed little thing! (*Enter* JUDY, MARY *and* JESS *with work and magazines.*) Why, how much she reminds me of my little Horned Owl! The very picture of her; she makes me sorry all over again.

JUDY. It's a story—tell it! Tell it, Miss Sally!

MARY. Yes, do, please do.

(*All sit gathered about* MISS SALLY. *Pick up work, etc.*)

JESS. Oh, I'm so glad Cousin Salome couldn't come.

SALOME. Cousin Salome ——

JESS. Yes, the Dragon that didn't drag—my cousin, you know. She's a school-ma'am and wears specs and a green veil; she'd have made us toe the mark, I tell you! Old maids always make you.

SALOME. Is Cousin Salome an old maid, then? And how do you know she wears green veils and spectacles? Did you ever see her in the act?

JESS. No, I never did, but you needn't tell me! She's my cousin, and I have a right to say I'm glad she isn't you. I mean you aren't her—oh, she, I mean! Bother grammar and bother Cousin Salome!

BARBY. Don't mind her, please—Jess, you ought not to interrupt. Now please, Miss Sally, tell us the story of the little Horned Owl. The Emmeline story can wait.

JESS. I beg your pardon, Miss Sally, please go on with the story.

JUDY. Shall we cry? For I've lost my handkerchief.

SALOME. No, you won't cry, but you'll be sorry, too.

JESS. Did it live in a tree? Owls do, don't they? and only come down nights—unless having horns makes a difference.

SALOME. The horns were two little bob curls on her forehead. They most always stood up straight. That and her great sad eyes named her for me. She was my very brightest scholar, I think.

JESS (*to* PLAIN MARY). I didn't know Miss Sally was a school teacher, did you?

(MARY *shakes her head.*)

SALOME. She was so fond of studying! Once she told me she meant to be a teacher, too. It would break her heart if she couldn't be, she said. I don't suppose she ever failed in a lesson. It seemed to be a perfect delight to her to study.

JUDY. Then she's dead. When did she die?

SALOME. No, I hear from her once in a while since she left school.

MARY. Oh, did she have to leave?

SALOME. Yes. If anything would have killed her, it would have been that. But I saw her once afterward, and she was alive—well, anyway, half alive. She was behind the notion counter in a great store.

JESS. Oh, the poor little Owl!

BARBY. And her little bob-curls? Say her little bob-curls were there, Miss Sally.

SALOME. I didn't see them. That must have been why she had to speak before I knew her. I bought some needles, number tens, and then I bought some more needles, number tens. I wanted time to talk. I'm not sure I didn't do it the third time.

BARBY. Number tens?

SALOME. Yes; if any of you are out of needles, they are very nice fine ones warranted to go through a camel's —no, that wasn't the way of it. Well, they are excellent needles. You are all quite welcome.

BARBY (*eyes on* EMMELINE). Didn't she tell you why she left school, Miss Sally?

SALOME. She said her father had died. There was no money at all. So there she was selling needles all day long. It broke my heart when she told me she tried to study evenings, but it was so very hard to keep awake.

JUDY. You said we wouldn't cry. Give me your handkerchief, Barby.

SALOME. It is so very hard, Miss Salome, she said. She always had called me Miss Salo—er—Miss Sally. We were very friendly—I called her Glory, always.

ALL. Cousin Salome! Cousin Salome! Cousin Salome!

SALOME. I—I can't help it; I was born so.

JESS. Confess it all, impostor—everything!

SALOME. Well, I decided all at once not to teach the vacation school, and I came straight here. That's really all there was to it. I didn't stop to write—I brought the news with me. I read your advertisement in the paper—on the tree, I mean—and decided to apply for the situation incog. It worked beautifully, till my tongue went and slipped, a minute ago. I suppose I've got to put on my spectacles and green veil, now!

BARBY (*turning* EMMELINE'S *picture*). I'll turn you to the wall, you poor shocked thing. You shan't have to look on such doings against your will. Then when we get good and proper again, I'll turn you back—if we ever do. I hope your story will be as interesting as Miss Sal—as Cousin Salome's story. (MRS. TUCKER

*appears at the door.*) Oh, Mrs. Tucker, come right in. We've found out all about Miss Sally. She isn't a dragon at all, she's Cousin Salome!

SALOME. Yes, Mrs. Tucker. The girls have found me out. I am an impostor.

JUDY. We don't care who you are! We all think you're perfectly splendid and we'd go through fire and water (with our rubbers on) to please you. Why, Mrs. Tucker, I believe you knew all the time.

MRS. T. Of course I did. She told me all about how she wanted to get acquainted with you without your knowing who she was. She told me the day she came. Why, Barbara, what has poor Emmeline been doing that you've turned her back to us? Is she an impostor, too?

BARBY. Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Tucker, I'm just dying to hear more about her. Won't you tell us all you know?

(*Girls bring rocking-chair and* MRS. TUCKER *sits.* BARBY *pulls up hassock and sits beside her.*)

MRS. T. Emmeline? Why, yes, I'll tell you about Emmeline as far as I know. She and Phineas went to school together.

BARBY. Did she really run away? What made her?

MRS. T. I guess Sylvanus Cody had about as much to do with it as anybody. I calc'late the Recordin' Angel's got it charged up against Sylvanus.

JESS. Was he Emmeline's father, Mrs. Tucker?

MRS. T. Yes, child, father—an' mother, too, for that matter. Emmeline's mother died when she was a baby. Her father brought her up. He was a dretful queer man, an' set—he thought he knew everythin' about everythin'. He was 'specially sartain he knew how to bring up Emmeline. He learnt her to sew patchwork an' knit when she wasn't knee-high to a toad-stool. Folks said you could've seen her little peaked face up at that old attic window most any time out o' school hours. Emmeline bore it meek enough till it came to marryin' Philo Bean. She kep' on knittin' an' patchworkin' an' never went anywhere with other children. She never

went to frolics or huskins or picnics. But when it came to Philo Bean, she up 'n' struck.

BARBY. Why was her father so anxious to have her marry this Mr. Bean, Mrs. Tucker?

MRS. T. Well, I ain't sure. I have heard it said that Philo had some land Sylvanus wanted an' was willin' to trade Emmeline for it, but I never took any stock in that. I expec' 'twas just contrariness.

MARY. What was the matter with Philo, Mrs. Tucker, that Emmeline didn't want to marry him?

MRS. T. Well, I guess the matter was he was Philo Bean. Emmeline was smart and Philo warn't a scholar. Emmeline had a great reverence for learnin'. They said it broke her heart because she couldn't attend the Academy over to Silsbee.

MARY (*aside*). Just like the poor little Horned Owl!

JESS. Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Tucker; we've got the Emmeline story, now, Barby.

BARBY. But it's to be continued. There's another chapter. I wish I knew the other chapter. I'd like to know that Emmeline's father was sorry clear down to his boots. Wasn't he, don't you believe, Mrs. Tucker?

MRS. T. He never said so. He lived right on here alone for years and never mentioned Emmeline. Folks said he never tried to find out where she'd run to; and she never came back.

BARBY. But perhaps he loved her, down out of sight. Perhaps he missed her; I wish I knew.

MRS. T. Well, mebbe he was sorry, mebbe, but he never let on. One day he had a shock an' died. Then they found out there wasn't any property but the old place, except just enough money to bury him with. Folks said they'd never had an idea Sylvanus was poor. They thought he must have had to scrimp himself for a good spell back. It kind o' softened 'em up towards Sylvanus. (*Rises.*) Well, I mustn't stay another minute; Johnnie-Son's kind of ailing to-day. He seems to be took just about as Jennie Brett was, feverish like. If he gits any worse I'm goin' to send for the doctor. I don't believe in foolin' with sickness. He was asleep when I come over here an' his father was settin' with him. I just run over

to fetch ye a couple o' pies for your supper. I been bakin' an' thought you'd like 'em. Oh, by the way, Barbara, if you want to know more about Emmeline, seems to me I riccollec' seein' a box o' books stowed away in the attic under the eaves and in among 'em an old diary or suthin' that belonged to Emmeline.

BARBY. Oh, Mrs. Tucker, I'll go right up and look for it. [*Exit.*

SALOME (*going to door with* MRS. T.). I hope Johnnie-Son will be all right in the morning—thank you so much for the pies, Mrs. Tucker. There's nobody can make such pies as you can. [*Both exit.*

MARY (*to* JESS). Ugh! I don't see how you and Barby can rummage about in that stuffy old attic and poke into all those shadowy corners.

JUDY. Nor I, Jess. It's such a musty, dusty, spidery place! And I just know there are mice there.

MARY. Let's go over and see how Jennie Brett is? Do you know they haven't had the doctor yet? Her mother said she'd got the boy all spoke to, to harness the horse, to go to Silsbee, to get him ——

JUDY. Sounds like the House that Jack Built!

MARY. An' then, it seemed as if right that minute Jennie picked up, so she's never had him at all. All the neighbors have been to look at her, but nobody seems to know what she's got. Aren't you coming, Jess?

JESS. No, I'll stay and help Barby look for the diary. (JUDY *and* MARY *exit;* JESS *looks at* EMMELINE'S *picture.*) Poor little Emmeline, I don't blame you for running away! Just imagine having to stay up in that creepy old attic sewing and knitting and working samplers and things.

*Enter* BARBARA *with diary.*

BARBY. Oh, Jess, I've found it! There really is a diary!

JESS. Oh, Barby, I'm so glad; now we shall know if poor little Emmeline minded so very much.

BARBY (*sits down,* JESS *on the arm of her chair; reads*). "April 9, 1866—finished the log cabin to-day. April 10, 1866—began on the rising sun. April 12, 1866—heeled

stockings and hemmed a sheet and sewed on rising sun." Quilts! Jess! Haven't you heard of Rising Sun quilts and Log Cabin ones? I have. I told you Emmeline made all those quilts in the chest. And she heeled stockings and hemmed sheets besides—poor Emmeline!

JESS (*looking over* BARBY'S *shoulder*). Good, she had a nice time once, anyway. See here, Barby—oh—"June 17—Almost went to a picnic." She almost went—oh, Barby! (JESS *walks away.*)

BARBY. Jess, come here this minute. There! read that. What do you say to that? It must be a hidden treasure —— (*Gets up excitedly.*)

JESS. We've found it, Barby Wetherell!

(JESS *waltzes* BARBY *into the middle of the room.*)

BARBY. Hush, do! Do you want to tell everybody in Fidelity? It's our find; we must keep it secret till we've ——

JESS. I know! I know! In the middle of the night. To-night, Barby!

BARBY. Of course, to-night, goosie. As if we could wait! When everybody is asleep and it's nice and pitchy and black—that's the time, Jess. We'll have a lantern and a shovel all ready.

JESS. Shovels. You needn't think I'm not going to be in it. Ur-r-r! Doesn't it make the creepy shivers go up and down your back?

BARBY. Wait till to-night for those. (*Reads.*) "Under horse-chestnut—two paces toward the setting sun, one pace to the left, two feet down."

JESS. That's where he buried it. He was a miser. He died in his misery. Judy'd make a pun out of it—miser-y. Then years and years and years after, the scarlet fever broke out in Barrie ——

BARBY. And we broke out in Fidelity. Go on.

JESS. And dug it up! In the dead o' night—with a lantern and two shovels. And the gho-ost of Sylvanus Cody looked over our shoulders and laid its clammy ——

(*Reaching hand out toward* BARBY.)

BARBY. Hush, for mercy's sake, Jessica Thayer! If you say any more, you can go out there and dig it up alone, all by yourself.

JESS (*teeth chattering*). I wouldn't for the world. I know I shall faint away as it is. Won't it be perfectly, deliciously awful, Barby?

*Enter* BARNABY.

BARBY. But how do you suppose Emmeline found out about it, and why didn't she come for it?

BARNY. Johnnie-Son can't come out. His mother says, "Run away, Barny; Johnnie's got the scarlet fever." The doctor man's in there. I saw his horse at the gate.

JESS. Not scarlet fever! Don't say it's that, oh, Barby!

CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene I. Time, same day, midnight. Stage darkened.*

JESS (*in half-whisper*). Come on down, everybody's asleep.

BARBY. Wait a minute, are you sure they are?

JESS. Yes, but skip the third stair; it creaks awfully.

*Enter* BARBY.

BARBY. It's a good thing we left our boots down here.

JESS. Oh, I've got your boots on, Barby Wetherell! and they pinch my toes—ow!

BARBY. Sh!

JESS. I've bumped my head on something, ow! I've bumped it again!

BARBY. Sh! I tell you!

JESS. How can I sh! when I can't see a single thing? There, what did I tell you? I've put my hand in the rose bowl! Oh, I never saw such wet water, and I've tipped it over!

BARBY. Can't you stop talking, Jess Thayer? If you utter another word, I'll go back to bed.

JESS. How the boards creak!

BARBY. Where's the lantern?

JESS. On the table.

BARBY. We must be near the table now.

JESS. On the kitchen table, goose!

BARBY. I just felt Judy's calendar on the wall. I don't know whether I'm going away from it or toward it.

(*Knocks picture on floor.*)

JESS. Plain Mary'll know it's burglars.

BARBY. It's Emmeline! I've broken Emmeline! Come on out now; I'm in the kitchen.

JESS. I'm in the closet and I can't get out.

BARBY (*coming in with lantern*). Come here, Smarty. I'll help you out. The shovel's leaning up against the house, under the kitchen window.

JESS. I'll get it.—There's only one!

BARBY. I know it. I'm going to take the frying-pan. I couldn't find but one shovel. Which way shall we go to get to the horse-chestnut tree?

JESS. I'm sure I don't know in the night. I know which way in the daytime.

BARBY. Well, I'm going to find it; don't step but half your weight.

JESS. Forward, march.

BARBY. Turn the lantern toward you, Jess; hide it in your skirt. Somebody'll see it. We mustn't use it till we have to. [*Exit both.*

JESS (*outside*). All right; you'll have to feel the way then; my feelers won't go. Perhaps you can inform me where we are now.

BARBY. We're on the grass—it feels soft. I think we're going due—due ——

JESS. Dew! I should say so! My feet are sopping wet. Oh, Barby, I'm wet all over; I'm in the brook. Save me! Oh, no, don't save me—it isn't worth the trouble! I beg of you let me drown! There, I'm out and so is the lantern.

*Reënter* BARBY.

BARBY. Come on in and get some more matches. (*Enter* JESS.) Oh, Jess, what have you done?

JESS. I didn't mean to fall in the water. Scold the brook. Maybe you think I was taking a bath.

BARBY. Come along, dear, do, never mind a little thing like that. We have the lantern. I'll light up. I've got the matches.

JESS. How did you ever find them? I don't know whether I'm shivering because I'm cold or because I'm scared.

BARBY. Scared—I'm shivering too, see. Where are you, Jess? (BARBY *bumps into table which sends her against* JESS; *they fall over each other.* BARBY *on the floor.*) Let's sit down a minute and think it over. That's a joke, Jess. I thought it might cheer you up.

JESS (*on floor*). Up! I don't feel as if I should ever be up again. You will have to light the lantern if you expect me to see the joke.

BARBY. Well, here's a match; light up, Jess.

JESS. Where?

BARBY. Here.

JESS. Barby Wetherell, where's here?

BARBY. For mercy's sake, give me that lantern, Jess Thayer.

JESS. All right, here it is.

BARBY. Where?

JESS. Here.

(*They bump together again.* BARBY *takes lantern, lights it.*)

BARBY. There! At last! Come on, Jess.

JESS (*taking* BARBY'S *arm*). Two paces toward the setting sun!

BARBY. One pace to the left!

JESS. Two feet down! [*Exit both.*

*Enter* PLAIN MARY *and* JUDY.

JUDY. Are you sure there was a crash? I believe you dreamed it.

MARY. Well, I did not. There was a crash! I waited a long time and I distinctly heard another, too, and people moving about, so now.

JUDY. Let's call Barby and Jess.

MARY. No, let's investigate first. They'll make fun of us, if there isn't anything. It's burglars, I'm sure. Oh, Judy, go out in the kitchen and scare them away. Oh, if you'd only brought your pistol!

JUDY. Sh! It wasn't a pistol. It was—oh, where is that paper bag? The one that had the crackers in it. I thought it was on this table.

MARY. Judy Wetherell, you're not going to eat a luncheon right in the jaws of death!

JUDY. No, I'm not. I'm going to fire a pistol, if I can find that bag. I've found it.

MARY. Be careful, Judy! Oh,—I'm so frightened!

JUDY (*goes to kitchen and bangs the bag*). There was a hole in it. It wouldn't scare a mosquito.

MARY. A hole in what?

JUDY. The pistol—the bag, I mean. You stay here, dear. I'm going up-stairs for Barby and Jess.

MARY. Oh, no! Let me go, Judy! Let's both go!

JUDY. No, I'll stay. Run along, only hurry.

(*Exit* MARY; *immediately returns.*)

MARY. They're gone ——!

JUDY. Who's gone?

MARY. Barby and Jess. They were the burglars.

JUDY. Let's go and find them. Where in the world can they be? Barby never walked in her sleep, anyway. It isn't a Wetherell feat.

MARY. I suppose that's a pun and you want me to laugh, but I don't feel equal to it. It's all I can do to attend to my own feet. (JUDY *lights lamp.* MARY *discovers picture on floor.*) There's the crash! Now did I dream it? Did I?

JUDY. If you did, you must have dreamed awfully hard. (*Looks out of window.*) My goodness!

MARY. What in the world!

JUDY. I believe it's the girls up to some mischief.

They looked awfully wise at supper time. I don't know what you're going to do—I'm going out there. I'm going to take the lamp.

MARY. Then I don't see but what I've got to go, too. I don't fancy standing here in the pitch dark. It'll flicker like everything, Judy.

JUDY. There isn't any wind; come on. [*Exit both.*

*Enter* SALOME *carrying a candle.*

SALOME. What on earth is happening to-night! Where are those girls! Just look at this room. Here are the flowers all upset, and Emmeline's picture on the floor. (*Goes to window.*) There! they're out there under the trees! What can they be up to? Well, I guess I'll stay here. I won't interfere. It's some schoolgirl prank. Why, they've got a lantern and a lamp. Jess appears to be digging—I think it's Jess, and Judy, too. I'll get some hot cocoa ready for them. They'll be cold when they come in. (*Busies herself getting cocoa ready.*) Oh! how glad I am I gave up the vacation school! What is there that is quite so dear and funny as a crowd of girls? (*Looks out again.*) I think they are coming now. Why, they've got something that looks like a big kettle.

(*Goes into kitchen.*)

*Enter the four girls.*

JUDY. How could we ever wait to get into the house before we opened it?

JESS. What is in it? Oh, hurry. Why, it's light in here. Cousin Salome must have been here.

MARY. Oh, do somebody get something to pry off the cover.

BARBY. Oh, it's full of gold, I'm sure! And when the cover comes off the gold will all pour out in shining handfuls.

JUDY. And we'll all fall on our knees and gather it up in shining handfuls.

BARBY. And the ghost of Sylvanus Cody ——

JESS. Here's a screw-driver; let's pry it up. Here, let me get at it; I've got the implement.

JUDY. Heave ho!

BARBY. Let Mary open it; it's her right; she discovered it.

MARY. No, no, let Judy. I only uncovered it.

JUDY. Barby and Jess began it. (*Opening kettle.*)

(COUSIN SALOME *enters and stands behind the girls as cover is lifted.*)

SALOME. Why, it's a little old doll, a dear little dead doll.

BARBY. Emmeline's, of course! We ought to have known it was something of hers.

JUDY. A little old doll!

MARY. Wait, there's something written—there's an inscription on the little tomb.

BARBY (*reads*). "Here Lies the prinsess Esther who pined away of a broken hart because they would not let her mother Love her—they said she was too old. When her mother was seven years old she died—I mean the prinsess Esther did—and hear lies. She was grately beloved. It broke her mother's hart too. She never sinned. She was a Darling. And she was not for God took her. Her works do follow her."

JUDY. Poor Emmeline!

MARY. Poor little Princess Esther!

SALOME. Her mother's heart broke too. It was her mother's heart suffered most.

BARBY. And it's her mother's "works" that do follow her.

SALOME. Come, girls, I've made cocoa. I'm going to toast you and warm you and put you all to bed.

(*The girls help themselves to cocoa.* SALOME *goes out.*)

BARBY. She was young once. But seven years old was early to grow old. Isn't this cocoa good?

MARY. It's nice to warm your hands on. And I am so cold, I believe I'm shivering!

BARBY (*goes to sit in chair near broken picture. Picks it up and finds bank book*). Why! Why, come here, quick! Why, I've found something. Come quick!

Won't somebody look! I tell you I've found a bank book behind Emmeline.

JUDY. A bank book! Barby Wetherell, are you crazy?

BARBY. What do you call that?

MARY. What in the world!

JUDY. I call it a bank book! It ought to be one. Open it quick, Barby, quick! If there isn't anything in it, I'll never forgive you as long as I live.

BARBY. There is something in it.

JESS. Call Cousin Salome before we look. Cousin Salome!

(COUSIN SALOME *from outside.*)

SALOME (*calls*). What is it?

JESS. Emmeline's found a bank book in Barby's picture—I mean—oh—come here quick.

SALOME (*enters*). What has happened now! This is the greatest place for things to happen, or else you are the greatest girls. I shan't be surprised at anything.

JUDY. Not at a bank book in Emmeline's picture? It must have been between the picture and the back. Barby found it.

MARY. We wanted you to be here when we opened it. Oh, supposing it is a fortune!

JESS. Open it, Barby, open it!

BARBY (*opening book reads*). "Sylvanus Cody, in trust for Emmeline Jane Cody."

MARY (*over* BARBY'S *shoulder, looks at book*). He has never taken any out.

JUDY. It seems a queer place to keep a bank book, doesn't it, in a picture?

SALOME. I think it must have been sentiment. The picture was all the Emmeline he had left.

BARBY. Then he was sorry!

MARY. Perhaps he loved her!

JESS. He saved money for her anyway. There it is in black and white.

JUDY. Seven hundred and eighty-one dollars and thirty-three cents.

SALOME. I wonder ——

BARBY. What do you wonder, Cousin Salome?

SALOME. I wonder if my little Horned Owl can possibly have anything to do with the story!

BARBY. Why, Cousin Salome, you don't think ——

SALOME. No, Barby, I don't really think so—it would be such a strange coincidence. But the resemblance is very striking and I can't help thinking how much this money would do for her.

BARBY. Oh, Cousin Salome, do write to-morrow and find out ——

JUDY. But of course she couldn't be Emmeline. She would have to be Emmeline's little Emmeline.

BARBY. Why, of course—we never thought of that. What geese we are!

SALOME. Well, girls, we mustn't sit here talking another minute. What kind of a chaperon am I? Go right back to your beds every one of you and get what sleep you can.

JUDY. What shall we do with the Princess Esther, Cousin Salome?

BARBY. Let's lay her away in the chest of quilts in the attic. Emmeline's Emmeline might come. She would be glad to see the Princess Esther ——

MARY. If Aunt Elizabeth were here, I should think I was going to be sick; but she isn't, so, of course, I'm not.

(MARY *faints.*)

SALOME. Get some water quick.

(JUDY *goes.*)

JESS. Oh, Cousin Salome, what is it?

SALOME. I don't know what it is. I hope it's just tiredness.

JUDY (*coming back with a glass of water*). Oh, Cousin Salome, you don't think it's the—the scar ——

BARBY. Don't you dare to say it, Judy Wetherell.

SALOME (*to* MARY). There, dear, you're all right now, aren't you?

MARY. Oh, I don't know. I had an Aunt Elizabeth once. She used to tell me to wear my rubbers. She was very particular about my rubbers. I suppose that was why she never had time to love me.

SALOME. Girls, we must get her to bed at once. Don't anybody dare to worry. What we need first is a doctor.

MARY. Don't send for Miss Angelia's. He makes people sick.

CURTAIN

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Same as* ACT III. *Time, six weeks later.*

*Enter* JUDY *and* JESS *in costume for the play. They are carrying stage properties, picnic baskets and wraps.*

JUDY (*calls at door to* BARBY *in kitchen*). Hurry, Barby, if we're going to rehearse the play before Miss Angelia sees it.

JESS. Oh, won't Miss Angelia be surprised!

*Enter* PLAIN MARY.

MARY. Oh, isn't it glorious, when you've had the scarlet fever and are all over it and getting strong again, just to be alive!

JESS. You poor dear, of course it is. I feel so selfish whenever I think how sick you were and the rest of us hardly sick at all.

MARY. Oh, I don't mind it a bit, now it's over; and poor Cousin Salome couldn't have stood it if you'd all been as sick as I was. I'll never forget all that dreadful time when I thought I was turning into a Barnaby, a poor Barnaby-Ought-to-be-Rudge.

JESS. And you begged somebody to bring you a looking-glass so you could see your face. You kept saying over and over that you were Plain Mary but you'd turned into a Barnaby, Judy's Barnaby Rudge.

JUDY. Oh, it was awful! Don't let's talk about it. I'm so glad somebody thought of giving the play as a surprise for Miss Angelia's birthday. It's three days since Cousin Salome went away on that mysterious business trip and she expected to be back last night.

JESS. Camp Fidelity doesn't seem like the same place without Cousin Salome. Of course, Plain Mary, we have your Aunt Elizabeth and we couldn't get along without her, but it's dreadful to be Cousin Salomeless.

*Enter* AUNT ELIZABETH.

AUNT E. Mary, here are your rubbers, and I think you had better put them on. The ground may be a little damp; you know it rained day before yesterday.

MARY. Thank you, Aunt Elizabeth; I'll take them with me, and if it seems even a teeny bit damp, I'll put them on.

AUNT E. You'd better have a wrap with you, for it may come up cold before we get back, and I want to take you safely home to your father. He'd never forgive me if I let you get the least mite of cold. I'll get my shawl.

[*Exit.*

MARY. Thank you, my dear, you are so thoughtful. Oh, girls, what should I have done without her, she has been so kind. I'd wear a feather-bed for Aunt Elizabeth now.

*Enter* JENNIE BRETT *in costume of the Queen's sister.*

JENNIE. I hope I ain't late. Mis' Tucker called me in to ask if Mis' Angelia had found out about the play and the lunch. She sent over some pies by Johnnie-Son and of course Barnaby came with him.

JUDY. Did Barby put them in the lunch basket? The pies, I mean. What were they?

JENNIE. I left them outside the house. The boys, I mean. The pies were strawberry and green apple.

*Enter* AUNT ELIZABETH.

AUNT E. I couldn't find my shawl. Does anyone know where it is?

MARY. Why, yes, Aunt Elizabeth, you brought it out to me last night when I was sitting in the hammock. It's probably there now. I forgot. I'll look as soon as the rehearsal is over.

JESS. Barby, aren't you most ready?

BARBY (*outside*). Almost; go ahead. I'll be there when it's time for my part.

MARY. Aunt Elizabeth will have to make the announcements and act as prompter since Cousin Salome isn't here.

JESS. Prompter! we shan't need any prompting!

MARY. Speak for yourself, Jess!

JUDY. Now then, girls, take your places. In the words of the immortal Quince, "Here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This room shall be our stage, the kitchen our tiring-house" and we will do it in action as we will do it before Miss Angelia, on her birthday.

MARY. Well, anyhow, if I hadn't been sick and needed to be amused, Barby would never have written the lamentable comedy "Oil from the Deeja's Tail."

JUDY. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Now, Aunt Elizabeth.

(AUNT ELIZABETH *stands at one side and reads the cast of characters and description of scenes.*)

## OIL FROM THE DEEJA'S TAIL

THE QUEEN.....Judy Wetherell
THE PRINCESS ENID.....Mary Shepherd
THE QUEEN'S SISTER.....Jennie Brett
THE WIZARD.....Jessica Thayer
THE PRINCE.....Jessica Thayer
THE DEEJA.....Barbara Wetherell

ACT I.—*Scene.—Room in the Palace. The* PRINCESS *discovered lying on a sofa. She is very pale and looks ill. The* QUEEN *appears worried. She sits near. The* SISTER *more placid but is also anxious. She stands back of sofa.*

QUEEN. Alas, my dear, you feel no better, yet?

PRINCESS. No, no, my mother, perchance you do forget,
The wizard bold who comes from o'er the hills.

THE SISTER. He'll only bring some charms, he gives no other pills.

QUEEN. Ah, well! a charm, perhaps, is what we need.

PRINCESS. A charming Prince is what I want, indeed,
There is a Prince I fain would wed tomorrow.

QUEEN. Then die next day and cause him deadly sorrow.

THE SISTER. Here comes the Wizard. I will leave you here.
See that you get some potent herb, my dear.

(*Exit* SISTER; *enter* WIZARD.)

WIZARD. You sent for me?

QUEEN. Yes, yes, the princess here
Has some strange malady. 'Tis very queer.

WIZARD. Be not alarmed, I soon will set her right.
If not this eve, why then some other night.
But let me hear about this sickness straight,
And I will warrant it will soon abate.

PRINCESS (*feebly*). I fear I'm done for, here's a pain, and here;
Sometimes in that great toe, again, this ear.

WIZARD. 'Tis easy to be seen, and yet the cure
Is not so easy, if I could be sure——

QUEEN. Oh, do not hesitate at anything!

WIZARD. Ah, my dear madam, if you could but bring
One drop of oil from off the Deeja's tail
'Twould bring the color to the cheek so pale;
But recollect, the Deeja is a beast
That habits first the North, the West, the East.
He's in the water, or in darksome places,
Is rarely ever seen by mortal faces.
There is a way to catch him and one only;
If any Prince there be who is so lonely,
So pining for one Princess that at night
He only walks and sighs, so bad his plight,
And groans and cries, the Deeja always hears
And soon or late unto the Prince appears;
But if the Prince is wailing just to catch him,
It would be better that you do not fetch him.
The Deeja eats all such and spares not one;
And to be ate by Deejas is not fun.

*Enter the* SISTER.

THE SISTER. Out by the gate there sobs and sighs a man.
Oh, will you come and see him if you can.
He wants to be admitted and he said
That for the love of Enid he is dead.

WIZARD. 'Tis he who can the fearful Deeja kill.
Don't let him go, he is the one who will
Our lovely maid deliver. I will see him.
He'll go for love, you will not have to fee him.
The Princess' life lies but within his power;
And by her looks, send him within the hour.

PRINCESS. What is his name? I feel much better now;
It is my own dear lover Prince, I'll vow!
Kind Heaven, look down upon this happy maid
And send the Prince to be mine earthly aid!

ACT II.—*Scene.—A lonesome place, in a dark wood. The* PRINCE *discovered.*

PRINCE. List to the wind, it howls and groans and roars;
The sword of winter's breath is keen and chill.
Oh, Enid, Enid, if I fight and die,
No cure will ever work on your great ill!
What noise was that! That washy, swashing souse,
That splash like rain upon an upturned can?
This awful eerie place doth rack my nerves.
Have I forgotten that I am a man?
Here comes the beast, in Enid's name, I'll meet him,
And if my luck is right, I know I'll beat him.

(DEEJA *comes crawling in on all fours.*)

DEEJA. Whence came you, Tree von poodle ching chee stumps?
I'll pound you into ichka dayda lumps
Mellie vin meet min abo, bis von sponge,
I guess I'll have you for my midday lunch

(*A conflict; the* DEEJA *rolls over.*)

DEEJA. I'm done for, Choo chee here I go,
Upon you, vermin, be all kinds of woe.
PRINCE. He's dead: now will I hack for love of thee.

(PRINCE *cuts off* DEEJA'S *tail with his sword.*)

Fond Princess, by this tail thou'rt pledged to me!

ACT III.—*Scene.—Room in the palace.*

PRINCESS (*alone*). Why comes he not? Alas, he may be dead.
Sit still, my little heart, don't whirl so, head.
What do I see? Can I believe aright?
The Prince, the Prince dawns on my sight.
PRINCE (*entering hastily, kneels on one knee*). Drink quickly, oh, my love, my own dear one,
Our happy days together have begun.
You're cured, the sky is blue, the Deeja killed!
I think this day by heaven was surely willed.

(*Play ends.*)

(NOTE.—*The little comedy should be given in extravagant style. The costumes may be made from old draperies and lace curtains. The* DEEJA *may wear black tights or bloomers and has a fur rug or coat wrapped around him. He may wear a fur or close fitting worsted cap. He is an imaginary creature.*)

(*All applaud as the play ends. Girls gather up baskets, etc.*)

AUNT E. Now, girls, if we're ready to start, some of you see if the windows are locked and ——

BARBY. We don't need to. Johnnie-Son and Barnaby are just outside. They're going to stay right here and be the care-takers; and if Cousin Salome or anyone should come, I told them they would find us at Miss Angelia's. (BARBY *picks up violin.*)

JESS. Oh, Barby, you're not going to take your violin!

BARBY. No, my dear, I'll spare your feelings this once. I'm going to let Barny take it. He loves it so and is very careful. He won't have much more time to play on it, we're going home so soon.

JESS. Well, what are we waiting for? If everybody is ready, I move we start.

JUDY. Second the motion.

AUNT E. Are you sure you don't need some wraps?

(*All go out,* JESS *last.*)

JESS. Why, Aunt Elizabeth, it must be nearly eighty; how can we need them?

CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Same as previous scene. Time—A half-hour later.*

(BARNABY *is discovered sitting on a low stool with* BARBY'S *violin on his knees.* JOHNNIE-SON *sits beside him. Their faces are on a level.*)

BARNY. Johnnie, bimeby somethin' will happen!

J. S. Hoh—Chris'mus!

BARNY. Guess again.

J. S. I don't wanter. It tires me. When you've had the scarlit fever it tires you to guess again.

BARNY. Then I'll tell. I'm goin' to saw, Johnnie!

J. S. Barny Cam'ell! Honest? On her violin? She say you might?

BARNY. She said if you'll saw easy, Barny. I'm goin' to saw easy.

J. S. When you goin' to begin?

BARNY. Oh, some time.

J. S. Say, Barny. They said for us to take care o' this house while they were gone, Barny! Barny, you hear?

BARNY (*trotting violin dreamily*). Yes, Johnnie.

J. S. Well, s'posin'—oh, s'posin' it was to catch fire!

BARNY. Goodness, Johnnie, then we'd burn up!

J. S. Huh, we'd have to put it out—sprinkle water on like everything. We couldn't let it burn up while we were takin' care of it. That's what takin' care means.

BARNY. Does it? You know an awful lot, don't you, Johnnie?

J. S. Consid'able. I 'spect I was born so—same as you wasn't, Barny. Oh, s'posin' a buggler came to this house while we were takin' care of it! What'd we do then?

BARNY. Run.

J. S. And let him stay here an' buggle! You're a great takecarer, ain't you? No, sir, we'd—we'd fix him! Just let him try to buggle, if he dared!

BARNY. Yes, sir, we'd fix him! How'd we do it, Johnnie?

J. S. O-oh, there's ways. (JOHNNIE *goes over and looks out window.* BARNY *takes out violin and starts to play and stops.*) Go on. Why don't you go on?

BARNY. I can't—it's gone. Why don't it stay, Johnnie?

J. S. Gracious, it would if you kept on a-sawin'! There comes a man a-walkin', Barny—he's a spandy new man; he's comin' here.

*Enter* UNCLE JEFF.

JEFF. Isn't this where four young ladies live?

J. S. No, sir; they've gone to a pignig.

JEFF. But they live here when they get home, do they? Then that's all right. I was sure this was the place. I'll wait for them. I suppose they were not expecting me?

J. S. (*edging away from the suit-case*). No—oh, no!

JEFF. Will they come home soon?

BARNY. It's a eat pignig.

JEFF. Oh, it is, eh? Well, that's the kind of a picnic I'd like myself. I think I'll go into the pantry and help myself. I suppose you don't happen to know where the four young ladies keep their pie? (*Enters pantry.*)

BARNY. I'll go and see.

J. S. (*pulling him back*). Sh, Barny! stop a-talkin', and stay right here. Let him go if he wants to—I know a way to fix him. I'm goin' to hide this bag in the lilac bushes. Prob'ly it's where he carries his pistols and screw-drivers an' his mask. Run around to the back of the house an' peek in the pantry window—quick, Barny! When you see him bitin' into somethin', go into the kitchen quick and bolt the pantry door. If he's eatin' pie, he won't notice nothin' and he won't stop till he's eat the whole of it. My mother made it. Now go!

(JOHNNIE *seizes bag and runs outdoors with it, then comes back and stealthily closes door into pantry, bolts it and moves table against the door.*)

BARNY (*enters*). He's bit, Johnnie!

J. S. Quick, Barny, quick—help me get this table up here. Now get up top of it—there! Did you bolt the door?

BARNY. Course I did. Didn't you tell me to, Johnnie?

J. S. Don't you get down till I come back, Barny—don't you dare to move! You sit right there, up against that door! I'm goin' for the girls. [*Exit.*

BARNY (*on the table*). I'm a-sittin', Johnnie.

JEFF. Hullo!—Hello, there!

BARNY. Hollo—it's me. I'm Barny.

JEFF. Well, open the door, my friend, will you?

BARNY. I can't—there's a table up 'gainst it.

JEFF. Heavens and earth, man, move the table, can't you?

BARNY. I'm on top of it. I can't move myself on top of a table.

JEFF. Great Scott! Can't you get off the top of the table?

BARNY. Johnnie said not to. He said to set here till ——!

JEFF. Never mind Johnnie. Just open this door, will you, Friend Barny?

BARNY. I can't. I said I was on top of the table. I'm goin' to stay on top till Johnnie comes back; Johnnie said to. He doesn't want the door to be opened.

JEFF. Oh, he doesn't. Well, can you get me a match out there?

BARNY. I'm on top o' the ——

JEFF. Confound it, isn't the match box, too? Look and see.

BARNY. Yes, here 'tis. What do you want of it?

JEFF. I want a match, man alive!

BARNY. What do you want of a m ——?

JEFF. Confoun —— I want a light.

BARNY. Well, I've lit one. It's a-burnin' my fingers —Ow!

JEFF. Heavens and earth, pass me a match through the keyhole, will you?

BARNY. It's out—I've blew it out. You want me to pass a burnt one through the—there isn't any keyhole! What's that? You ain't doin' nothin', be ye?

JEFF. Bless you, no—no, indeed! I'm only sitting down in the flour barrel—er—to rest. The way in was short enough, but it seems to be a roundabout way out. Don't let any little—er—disturbance I make alarm you, my friend.

BARNY (*listening*). You out?

*Enter* JUDY, JESS, BARBY *and* JOHNNIE.

J. S. He can't get out! Barny's top o' the table holding the door. Come along.

JUDY. Where is he? Oh, dear, what shall we do?

J. S. He's in the pantry. He's ate up your pies, but I've got him, yes, sir! And I've hidden his pistols and things. I did it all myself. Barny never did a thing but sit on top.

JESS. On top of the—of him, Johnnie-Son?

J. S. On top of the table, of course. I told him to stay top of it till we got here. What are you going to do? I should think you might do something when I've did everything else.

JUDY. We're going to wait until Aunt Elizabeth and Plain Mary get here and then we're going to deal with him.

BARBY. I suppose it's a tramp. Did he want something to eat, Johnnie-Son?

J. S. Gracious, yes! Then he walked right into the pantry and ated it. He wanted to know where you kept your pies.

JUDY. Those lovely pies!

*Enter* AUNT ELIZABETH *and* PLAIN MARY.

AUNT E. Tell the whole of it, Johnnie-Son. I didn't just understand.

J. S. Well, there was a man come a-walkin' and he had a bag o' pistols and screw-drivers to break into things with ——

JUDY. Our pies don't need to be broken into like that —the idea!

JESS. Do hush, will you, Judy! Go on, Johnnie-Son. While we're delaying he may be in the—flour barrel, or something.

BARNY. He is—he is; he said he was sitting down in it to rest. I guess he's asleep now.

AUNT E. The dreadful creature is probably intoxicated.

J. S. And he came a-walkin'. Well, I shut the pantry door up and there he was. Barny bolted the door into the kitchen while I was shuttin' this. He'd got the pie most aten' up.

BARBY. But what in the world shall we do with him when we unlock him?

JUDY. Charge him twenty-five cents for that pie. If it was the strawberry one, he's got to pay half a dollar!

J. S. You can shoot him—I'll get the bag o' pistols. Just a little easy, you know. Then we'll tie him together and take him to jail. You can get down now, Barny.

JUDY. Wait a minute—not just yet. I—I want to—parley with the gentle—the tramp—first. Are you in there?

JEFF (*in disguised voice*). Me, mum? I was in here, mum, but ——

JUDY. Do you want to come out?

JEFF. Oh, no, mum! What put such a thought into the kind lady's mind? I am that comfortable I ——

JUDY. Because, if you do, you've got to promise to pay for that pie. Was—was it the strawberry pie?

JEFF. It *was* a strawberry pie, mum—but now ——

JUDY. It is fifty cents then. Have—did you eat more than one?

JEFF. Me, mum? She wants to know if I eat more than one! Me eat more than one pie!

JUDY. Because you will have to pay for them all. And any other damages ——

BARNY. He's upset the flour barrel.

JUDY. For upsetting the flour barrel, you promise to pay for it all before I open the door.

JEFF. For value received I promise to pay.

JUDY. Get off the table, Barny. Now move it away. Now open ——

AUNT E. No, Barny, wait a minute. You're sure you're not intoxicated?

JEFF. Intoxicated? Why, mum, I was never intoxicated in my life!

AUNT E. If we open the door ——

JEFF. Yes, mum ——

AUNT E. You must promise not to come out.

JEFF. Me come out? She thinks I want to come out! Me, that's that comfortable in the flour barrel ——

AUNT E. Open it, Barny.

JUDY. One, two, three—ready!

JESS (*darting into his arms*). Uncle Jeff! Uncle Jeff!

JEFF. If you please, mum, the strawberry pie was that tasty, mum ——

J. S. He ain't a buggler, nor a tramp or anything. I s'posed we'd caught a buggler man, that's what I s'posed.

BARNY. But he's hunkier than a buggler, Johnnie. You think he's hunkier, don't you? I liked him through the door.

J. S. I'll go get his ol' bag out o' the lilacs. I don't s'pose there's anything in it 'cept ole combs and brushes an' hank'chiefs.

(*All laugh; exit* JOHNNIE-SON.)

JESS. Uncle Jeff, how did you happen to come?

JEFF. I wanted to see what you would say to having Camp Fidelity fitted up into a regular come-to-every-year place?

JESS. Oh, Uncle Jeff, for all of us?

JEFF. For all of you and your father and mother and Judy's father and mother and the kiddies, and Aunt Elizabeth and Cousin Salome and Plain Mary's father—what would you say to a thing like that?

MARY. Oh, think of having Fidelity for a stay-as-long-as-you-want-to-place! To look at the mountains and listen to the brook and be regularly happy!

(JOHNNIE *enters with suit-case, followed by* BARNY.)

J. S. Here's your bag—I hope you'll 'scuse me for thinkin' you was a buggler—but you did eat the pie. They's somebody comin' up the road looks like Miss Salome.

(*Girls go to door followed by* JOHNNIE *and* BARNY.)

AUNT E. What dear girls they are, Jeff. I wonder if Salome has found her Little Horned Owl and if she can possibly be Emmeline.

JEFF. Resemblances aren't much to depend upon. Still ——

*Enter* JESS *and* MARY.

JESS. Oh, Uncle Jeff—Uncle Jeff, Cousin Salome has found her!

MARY. And what do you think? She's Cousin Salome's Little Horned Owl!

AUNT E. Begin at the beginning. Are you talking about Emmeline?

JESS. Of course! Cousin Salome had an inspiration in the dead of night, you know, and off she went after her Little Horned Owl. Only to think if it hadn't been Emmeline!

*Enter* SALOME, JUDY *and* BARBY. *They escort* SALOME *to seat.*

JEFF. Well, Salome, where is she? I thought you were going to bring her back with you!

SALOME. So I was, but I found my little Glory in the hospital.

MARY. In a hospital! Oh, Cousin Salome, she isn't going to die! Say she isn't going to die!

SALOME. No, dear, though she has been very ill.

BARBY. But how did you find out she was Emmeline? Of course you asked her mother's name the first thing?

SALOME. Yes, dear—and her grandfather's was Sylvanus Cody. She was six years old when her mother died. She looks even more like the picture than I thought. She has the same eyes and hair ——

JUDY. And bank book!

SALOME. When I told her about the bank book all she said was "Then I am going to school."

BARBY. Oh, Cousin Salome, with us to Hatton Hall!

SALOME. Yes, Barby, as soon as she is strong enough.

MARY. What a summer this has been! It's almost time to say good-bye to Camp Fidelity.

JESS. But then we are all coming back next year.

JUDY. And we have made so many friends, and Miss Angelia is going to get well—oh, she is a dear! Plain Mary, shall you ever forget her face when she struck and declared she wouldn't take any more medicine?

MARY. And the next-door soup you burned to a cinder!

JUDY. And the noise you made keeping still!

MARY. Oh, those pans! (*All laugh.*)

JUDY. I think I shall sit up all night. I know I shan't be able to sleep with the brook saying, "Good-bye-it's-all-over, good-bye-it's-all-over" in my ears.

JEFF. Ho, listen again! You've hard of hearing, mum; what it says is, "Come-again-come-again-next-summer, and bring-your-friends."

JUDY. Well, I will, thank you. If I thought I should never come back to Fidelity, I believe it would break my

heart—crack it, anyway. I should like to think one Fidelity heart would crack too.

J. S. Well, it will. Mine'll crack all to splinters if you don't come back. Yours will, too, won't it, Barny? Say "yes," why don't you?

BARNY. Yes, if yours does, so'll mine, Johnnie, all to splinters.

J. S. (*creeps close up to* JUDY). When you come back, I'm going to marry you.

BARNY. I am, too. Ain't I, Johnnie?

CURTAIN

## THE SLACKER

A Patriotic Play in One Act

*By Jewell Bothwell Tull*

Two male, seven female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern and military. Plays forty minutes. The hero, beyond the draft age, has not enlisted because he deems it to be his widowed mother's wish and his sweetheart's preference, as well as his own duty not to do so. He tries on the uniform of a friend who is going, "just to be in it once," and being discovered, finds to his surprise that both his mother and his fiancée have been miserable under the charge that he is a "slacker" and are rejoiced to have him make good. Picturesque, patriotic, dramatic—an ideal play for a Red Cross Entertainment. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

GRANT MOORE.
MRS. MOORE, *his mother.*
BETTY CALDWELL, *his fiancée.*
BENNY SMITH, *a young lieutenant.*
MRS. SMITH, *his mother.*
ELLA BROWN, *his sweetheart.*
MRS. RALPH.
MRS. ELTON.
MRS. JONES.

*Other ladies and girls of the Marsville Red Cross Society.*

## A ROMANCE IN PORCELAIN

A Comedy in One Act

*By Rudolph Raphael*

Three males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Cecilia and Clarence, engaged to marry, resort to Dr. Spencer before the knot is tied to secure a new upper set. Their troubles in concealing their errand from each other reach a climax when both sets are stolen and the truth has to come out. Very funny and heartily recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

## A PROFESSIONAL VISIT

A Comedy in One Act

*By Rudolph Raphael*

Two males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. James Winthrop, impecunious, calls upon his old friend, Dr. Raleigh, also hard up, to discuss the situation, and ends by getting engaged to the Doctor's landlady, a rich widow, who calls to collect the rent. Very swift work. Recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

## THE GO-BETWEEN

A Dramatic Comedy Playlet

*By Harry L. Newton*

One male, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Hezekiah, jilted on the eve of his wedding to Muriel, a heartless adventuress, who has ruined him, is rescued from suicide by Jane, a country sweetheart, in a capital little piece, mingling humor and pathos most adroitly. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

# OVER HERE

## A Drama of American Patriotism in Three Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

Seven male and six female characters. Two easy scenes, a village square and a plain room; may be played on any stage or platform. A play designed to instil in the minds and hearts of the actors and the audience a deeper love for their country and a more thorough understanding of America's motives in entering a war to "make the world safe for democracy." While several very strong emotional rôles are introduced, the play, with careful rehearsing, may be made a big success even in the hands of the most inexperienced amateurs. Dan Monihan, jail-bird, water-rat, enemy of society, becomes the tool of certain German spies and brings an important package to Eckert, a wealthy miller at River Landing, Mo. The entrance of our country into the world struggle, the volunteers leaving for the cantonments and the teachings of the patriotic Miss Em Finch tend to change the character of Dan Monihan from a German spy to an American lad willing to die for his country. In an intensely dramatic scene in the third act Dan, taunted with being a traitor and a man without a country, turns on Eckert, and, in a frenzy of patriotic hysteria, tries to kill the arch-spy. The play has certain literary qualities that will appeal to all teachers, and its patriotism will electrify its audiences and keep them tense with emotion from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Royalty, $10 for each performance.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

DAN MONIHAN.
J. B. WHEEDON.
JUDGE GARY.
COMRADE FERGUSON, *a veteran of the Civil War.*
TOMMY CRONIN.
FREDERICK J. ECKERT.
CORPORAL SHANNON.
MISS EM FINCH.
MISS LORNIE DAVIS, *the milliner.*
LIZZIE.
MRS. CRONIN.
CELIA BAKER.
A CHILD.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The village square at River Landing, Mo. The day they heard the news.

ACT II.—Same scene as Act I. The day the boys marched away.

ACT III.—Sitting-room in Eckert's house. The night the spy came home.

# STRONG MEDICINE

## A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Ernest L. Noon*

Three male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Royalty for amateurs, $5.00 for each performance. If a young surgeon should propose to you in his operating apron just after an operation, you would probably refuse him anyhow just as Kitty Davidson did Dr. Gordon. Perhaps the method you chose to repair the blunder would work better than Davidson's did, but it might not be as funny. A very novel and amusing piece strongly recommended. All the parts evenly good.

*Price, 25 cents*

# PATTY MAKES THINGS HUM

## A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Carolyn Draper Gilpatric*

Four male, six female characters, all played in the original performance by ladies. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior and an exterior. Plays two hours. No royalty. Mrs. Greene ordains a dinner party; the lobsters don't come; Mr. Greene forgets all about the event; the "accommodator" is sick, and the hostess' sixteen year old sister, Patty, expelled from school, turns up very greatly undesired, as a last straw. Well, Nora is borrowed to do the cooking, and Patty is sent to bed to get rid of her; but she turns up later to her sister's horror in the character of a waitress, serves the dinner, flirts with the guest of honor and has a good time generally under her sister's helpless eye. She raises the dickens with everybody and ends by getting engaged to the guest. A riot of swift young America fun pervaded everywhere by the side-splitting Hyacinth, the "cullud" help. An exceptionally lively piece, full of good dialogue and strongly recommended. Originally presented by The Fortnightly Club, of Arlington. *Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN BRAITHWAITE, *who wasn't so slow, after all.*
CAPTAIN LITTLE, *who had a little misunderstanding.*
MR. GREENE, *who played the host.*
MR. SMITH, *a neighbor worth while.*
MRS. SMITH, *who proved herself a true friend.*
MRS. GREENE, *Captain Little's sister, who entertained under difficulties.*
PATIENCE LITTLE (PATTY), *who managed to make things hum.*
HELEN BRAITHWAITE, *engaged to Captain Little.*
HOPE DUNBAR, *who is still hoping.*
HYACINTH, *a loquacious colored maid.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Mrs. Greene's living-room. Late afternoon.
ACT II.—Same as Act I, next morning.
ACT III.—Garden near the house. Same evening.

# TROUBLE

## And Other Monologues

*By Louise Karr*

Seven monologues by this well-known author and reader, reprinted in part from "The Smart Set," "Success," "The Pictorial Review," etc., and all originally used by Miss Karr in a successful repertoire season in New York and other large cities of the country. A novel collection offering an unusual variety of humorous material for ladies. Bound to be well received wherever used.

*Price, cloth binding, 50 cents.*

### CONTENTS

TROUBLE, A PET DOG.
THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.
THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
AT THE CONCERT.
A SALE BY SUBSCRIPTION.
SHOPPING WITH CHARLEY.
A FAIR AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

## A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

Ten male, twelve female characters, or seven males and seven females by doubling. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Betty, a moving picture star, going south on a vacation, loses her memory from the shock of a railway accident, and is identified as a rival, Violet Ostrich, from a hand-bag that she carries. In this character she encounters the real Violet, who has just eloped with Ned O'Hare, and mixes things up sadly both for herself and the young couple. An exceptionally bright, clever and effective play that can be highly recommended. Good Negro, Irish and eccentric comedy parts.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, *Betty's one best bet.*
MAJOR JARTREE, *of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.*
NED O'HARE, *a jolly young honeymooner.*
MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, *who has written a wonderful picture-play.*
DR. MCNUTT, *solid ivory from the neck up.*
JIM WILES, *a high-school senior.*
ARCHIE, *a black bell-boy at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
OFFICER RILEY, *who always does his duty.*
OFFICER DUGAN, *from the Emerald Isle.*
MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, *a sick man and a submerged tenth.*
MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, *"Birdie," the other nine-tenths.*
AUNT WINNIE, *Betty's chaperone.*
LIZZIE MONAHAN, *Betty's maid, with a vivid imagination.*
ETHEL KOHLER, *a high-school admirer of Betty.*
VIOLET OSTRICH, *a film favorite, Ned's bride.*
MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, *a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
DAFFODIL DIGGINS, *her daughter, "Yes, Mamma!"*
MISS CHIZZLE, *one of the North Georgia Chizzles.*
PEARLIE BROWN, *Violet's maid, a widow of ebon hue.*
VIOLET, *Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.*
DIAMOND, *Pearlie's little girl aged six and*
BETTY, *the star of the Movagraph Co.*

**Jartree may double Dugan; Ned may double Riley; Jim may double Archie; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlie and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.**

### SYNOPSIS

**ACT I.** Betty's apartments near New York. **Married in haste.**
**ACT II.** Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beech, Fla. **Three days later.** Betty loses her memory.
**ACT III.** Same scene as Act II. **A full honeymoon.**

# JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE

## A Comedy in One Act

*By Elizabeth Gale*

One male, five female characters, or can be played by all girls. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that *Jerry* will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the "Little Miss Take." **Strongly recommended.** *Price, 25 cents*

# THE CONJURER

## A Dramatic Mystery in Three Acts

*By Mansfield Scott*

*Author of "The Submarine Shell," "The Air-Spy," etc.*

Eight male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, $10.00 for the first and $5.00 each for subsequent performances by the same company. Free for school performance. George Clifford, incapacitated for service at the front, employs his great talents as a conjurer to raise money for the soldiers. He is utilized by Inspector Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, in a plan to discover certain foreign spies. The plan goes wrong and involves seven persons in suspicion of a serious crime. Clifford's clever unravelling of this tangled skein constitutes the thrilling plot of this play, the interest of which is curiously like that of the popular "Thirteenth Chair." This is not a "war-play" save in a very remote and indirect way, but a clever detective story of absorbing interest. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Inspector Malcome Steele. | Driscoll Wells. |
| George Clifford. | Doctor Gordon Peak. |
| Captain Frank Drummond Gleason. | Detective White. |
| | Marion Anderson. |
| Lieutenant Hamilton Warwick. | Edith Anderson. |
| | Ellen Gleason. |
| Colonel Willard Anderson. | Dorothy Elmstrom. |

### SYNOPSIS

Act I.—The home of Colonel Anderson (Friday evening).
Act II.—The office of Inspector Steele (Saturday afternoon).
Act III.—The same as Act II (Saturday evening).

# THE OTHER VOICE

## A Play in One Act

*By S. vK. Fairbanks*

Three voices, preferably male, are employed in this little novelty which is intended to be presented upon a dark stage upon which nothing is actually visible save starlight. It was originally produced at Workshop 47, Cambridge, where its effective distillation of the essential oil of tragedy was curiously successful. An admirable item for any programme seeking variety of material and effect. Naturally no costumes nor scenery are required, save a drop carrying stars and possibly a city sky-line. Plays ten minutes only; royalty, $5.00.

*Price, 25 cents*

## LUCINDA SPEAKS

### A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Eight women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a quarter. Isabel Jewett has dropped her homely middle name, Lucinda, and with it many sterling traits of character, and is not a very good mother to the daughter of her husband over in France. But circumstances bring "Lucinda" to life again with wonderful results. A pretty and dramatic contrast that is very effective. Well recommended.

*Price, 27 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

ISABEL JEWETT, *aged 27.*
MIRIAM, *her daughter, aged 7.*
MRS. MCBIERNEY, *aged 50.*
TESSIE FLANDERS, *aged 18.*
MRS. DOUGLAS JEWETT, *aged 45.*
HELEN, *her daughter, aged 20.*
MRS. FOGG, *aged 35.*
FLORENCE LINDSEY, *aged 25.*

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room in Isabel Jewett's tenement, Roxbury, October, 1918.
ACT II.—The same—three months later.

## WRONG NUMBERS

### A Triologue Without a Moral

*By Essex Dane*

Three women. Scene, an interior; unimportant. Costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, $5.00. An intensely dramatic episode between two shop-lifters in a department store, in which "diamond cuts diamond" in a vividly exciting and absorbingly interesting battle of wits. A great success in the author's hands in War Camp work, and recommended in the strongest terms. A really powerful little play.

*Price, 27 cents*

## FLEURETTE & CO.

### A Duologue in One Act

*By Essex Dane*

Two women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, $5.00. Mrs. Paynter, a society lady who does not pay her bills, by a mischance puts it into the power of a struggling dressmaker, professionally known as "Fleurette & Co.," to teach her a valuable lesson and, incidentally, to collect her bill. A strikingly ingenious and entertaining little piece of strong dramatic interest, strongly recommended.

*Price, 27 cents*

## THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance. *Price, 25 cents*

## THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult. *Price, 25 cents*

## THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools. *Price, 25 cents*

## THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

*Price, 25 cents*

## COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

## THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

*Price, 25 cents*

## THE MAN WHO WENT

(*Originally produced under the title "The Black Feather."*)

A Play in Four Acts

*By W. A. Tremayne*

Seven males, three females. Scenery, one interior and one exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Royalty, $10.00 for the first and $5.00 each for other immediately succeeding performances. An exceptionally stirring and effective play of the Great War, produced with great success in Canada as the successor of the popular "The Man Who Stayed at Home." Jack Thornton, a King's Messenger, entrusted with important state papers for delivery in Vienna, is robbed of them through his attachment to a lady in the Austrian secret service, and his career jeopardized; but by the cleverness and daring of Dick Kent, of the English secret service, who is in love with his sister Evelyn, the plot is frustrated in a series of thrilling scenes, and all ends well. An exceptionally well built drama, full of sensations, ending in a strong last act full of "punch." A good play for any purpose, but ideally suited to the temper of the present. Plenty of comedy, easy to stage, and confidently recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

DICK KENT, *in the English Secret Service.*
JACK THORNTON, *a King's Messenger.*
BARON VON ARNHEIM, *in the German Secret Service.*
SIR GEORGE CAXTON, *in the British Foreign Office.*
HOGUE, *a German spy.*
BARNES, *a chauffeur.*
PATTON, *a keeper.*
EVELYN THORNTON, *Jack's sister.*
COUNTESS WANDA VON HOLTZBERG, *in the Austrian Secret Service.*
LADY VENETIA CAXTON, *Sir George's wife.*

*The action of the play takes place in the early summer of 1914.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Jack Thornton's chambers in Portman Square, London. Dealing the cards. "Beware of the dog."

ACT II. A retired corner of Sir George Caxton's estate in Kent. Dick takes the first trick. "The son of his father."

ACT III. Jack Thornton's chambers. A bold play. "Drive like the devil, Barnes—we've got to make Charing Cross by nine."

ACT IV. Jack Thornton's chambers. Dick wins the game. "Tightening the bonds of Empire."

## OUTWITTED

A Comedy Dramatic Novelty

*By Harry L. Newton*

One male, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Sherman, a United States Secret Service man, encounters Sophie, supposed to represent the enemy, and a duel of wits ensues. Very exciting and swift in movement, with an unexpected ending. Good work and well recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

# Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

| | Males | Females | Time | Price | Royalty |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Americana | | 11 | 1½ hrs. | 25c | Free |
| Anita's Trial | | 11 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Art Clubs are Trumps | | 12 | ½ " | 25c | " |
| Behind the Scenes | | 12 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The Camp Fire Girls | | 15 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| A Case for Sherlock Holmes | | 10 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The Farmerette | | 7 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Getting the Range | | 8 | ½ " | 25c | " |
| Her First Assignment | | 10 | 1 " | 15c | " |
| Hitty's Service Flag | | 11 | 1¼ " | 25c | " |
| Joint Owners in Spain | | 4 | ½ " | 25c | $5.00 |
| A King's Daughter | | 11 | 2 " | 25c | Free |
| The Knitting Club Meets | | 9 | ½ " | 25c | " |
| A Lady to Call | | 3 | ½ " | 15c | " |
| Leave it to Polly | | 11 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The Minute Man | | 13 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| Miss Fearless & Co. | | 10 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| A Modern Cinderella | | 16 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| Moth-Balls | | 3 | ½ " | 25c | " |
| Rebecca's Triumph | | 16 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Thirteenth Star | | 9 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| Twelve Old Maids | | 15 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| An Awkward Squad | 8 | | ¼ " | 15c | " |
| The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow | 8 | | ½ " | 15c | " |
| The Boy Scouts | 20 | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| A Close Shave | 6 | | ½ " | 15c | " |
| The First National Boot | 7 | 2 | 1 " | 15c | " |
| A Half-Back's Interference | 10 | | ¾ " | 15c | " |
| His Father's Son | 14 | | 1¾ " | 25c | " |
| The Man With the Nose | 8 | | ¾ " | 15c | " |
| On the Quiet | 12 | | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The People's Money | 11 | | 1¾ " | 25c | " |
| A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy | 14 | | 1¾ " | 25c | " |
| A Regular Scream | 11 | | 1¾ " | 25c | " |
| Schmerecase in School | 9 | | 1 " | 15c | " |
| The Scoutmaster | 10 | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Tramps' Convention | 17 | | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The Turn in the Road | 9 | | 1½ " | 15c | " |
| Wanted—A Pitcher | 11 | | ½ " | 15c | " |
| What They Did for Jenkins | 14 | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party | 4 | 12 | 1¼ " | 25c | " |
| The District School at Blueberry Corners | 12 | 17 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| The Emigrants' Party | 24 | 10 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| Miss Prim's Kindergarten | 10 | 11 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| A Pageant of History | Any number | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Revel of the Year | " | " | ¾ " | 15c | " |
| Scenes in the Union Depot | " | " | 1 " | 25c | " |
| Taking the Census in Bingville | 14 | 8 | 1½ " | 25c | " |
| The Village Post-Office | 22 | 20 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Women in War | | 11 | ½ " | 15c | " |

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# Plays for Colleges and Hig

| | Males | Females | Ti | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Air Spy | 12 | 4 | 1½ | hrs. | 25c | Special |
| Bachelor Hall | 8 | 4 | 2 | " | 25c | $5.00 |
| The College Chap | 11 | 7 | 2½ | " | 25c | Free |
| The Colonel's Maid | 6 | 3 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| Daddy | 4 | 4 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| The Deacon's Second Wife | 6 | 6 | 2½ | " | 25c | " |
| The District Attorney | 10 | 6 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Dutch Detective | 5 | 5 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| An Easy Mark | 5 | 2 | ½ | " | 15c | " |
| The Elopement of Ellen | 4 | 3 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| Engaged by Wednesday | 5 | 11 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| The Farmerette | | 7 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| For One Night Only | 5 | 4 | 2 | " | 15c | " |
| Hamilton | 11 | 5 | 2 | " | 50c | Special |
| Higbee of Harvard | 5 | 4 | 2 | " | 15c | Free |
| Hitty's Service Flag | | 11 | 1¼ | " | 25c | " |
| The Hoodoo | 6 | 12 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Hurdy Gurdy Girl | 9 | 9 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| Katy Did | 4 | 8 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| Let's Get Married | 3 | 5 | 2 | " | 50c | Special |
| London Assurance | 10 | 3 | 2 | " | 15c | Free |
| Lost a Chaperon | 6 | 9 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Man from Brandon | 3 | 4 | ½ | " | 15c | " |
| The Man Who Went | 7 | 3 | 2½ | " | 25c | Special |
| The Man Without a Country | 46 | 5 | 1½ | " | 25c | Free |
| Master Pierre Patelin | 4 | 1 | 1½ | " | 50c | " |
| Me and Otis | 5 | 4 | 2 | " | 15c | " |
| The Minute Man | | 13 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| Mose | 11 | 10 | 1½ | " | 15c | " |
| Mr. Bob | 3 | 4 | 1½ | " | 15c | " |
| Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard | 4 | 7 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| Nathan Hale | 15 | 4 | 2½ | " | 50c | $10.00 |
| Nephew or Uncle | 8 | 3 | 2 | " | 25c | Free |
| Professor Pepp | 8 | 8 | 2½ | " | 25c | " |
| A Regiment of Two | 6 | 4 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su | 3 | 4 | 1½ | " | 15c | " |
| The Rivals | 9 | 5 | 2½ | " | 15c | " |
| The Romancers | 3 | 1 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Rose and the Ring | 16 | 5 | 1¾ | " | 25c | " |
| Sally Lunn | 3 | 4 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| The School for Scandal | 12 | 4 | 2½ | " | 15c | " |
| She Stoops to Conquer | 15 | 4 | 2½ | " | 15c | " |
| Step Lively | 4 | 10 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Submarine Shell | 7 | 4 | 2 | " | 25c | Special |
| The Thirteenth Star | | 9 | 1½ | " | 25c | Free |
| The Time of His Life | 6 | 3 | 2½ | " | 25c | " |
| Tommy's Wife | 3 | 5 | 1½ | " | 25c | " |
| The Twig of Thorn | 6 | 7 | 1½ | " | 60c | " |

For "special" royalties, see catalogue descriptions for detailed information.

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